

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON, COMMANDING AT FORT SUMPTER, CHARLESTON.

MAJOR ANDERSON, at present one of the first among the foremost of American names, was born in Kentucky, September, 1805. Graduating at West Point in 1825, he joined the army as second lieutenant. It is somewhat remarkable that, in 1832, he was Inspector-General of the Illinois Volunteers, in the Black Hawk war, Abraham Lincoln being a captain in the same body. He was promoted to a first lieutenancy, and became instructor and inspector at West Point in 1833. He became Aide-de-Camp to General Scott in 1838, and a few months afterwards published his book, "Instruction for Field Artillery, Horse and Foot; arranged for the Service of the United States." This work very greatly extended his reputation; it was pronounced admirable and thorough, and passed at once into general use. In the year 1838 Lieutenant Anderson received his commission as Captain, which was honorably earned by his gallant and successful services in the Florida War. The brevet bears the date of April 2d, 1838. He afterwards served as Assistant Adjutant-General, having the rank of Captain; but on being promoted to the Captaincy of his own regiment he relinquished the office in 1841.

He was actively engaged through the whole Mexican War, serving, as will be seen, with marked ability, and with recognized success. He took part in the siege of Vera Cruz, where he served under Major-General Scott with the Third Regiment of Artillery. In this siege he had command of one of the batteries; which was distinguished for the precision of its fire and its unceasing activity.

He went on with the conquering army during its whole triumphal march and final occupation of the city of Mexico and the halls of the Montezumas. On several occasions during that eventful march the conduct of Captain Anderson called forth the hearty commendations of his superior officers. He was severely wounded during the attack of El Molino del Rey, and his conduct is thus commented upon in the despatches of Captain Blake, his next superior officer; "Captain Robert Anderson (acting field officer) behaved with great heroism on this occasion. Even after receiving a severe and painful wound, he continued at the head of the column, regardless of pain and self-preservation, and setting a handsome example to his men of coolness, energy and courage." He was also highly spoken of by General Garland in his report, not only as being among the first to force an entrance into the strong position of El Molino del Rey, but also for his gallant defence of the captured works.

Captain Robert Anderson won his brevet rank as Major by his intrepid and gallant conduct in the action at El Molino del Rey. The brevet bears the date of September 8th, 1847. He was afterwards promoted to the Majority of the First Regiment of Artillery, on October 8th, 1867, a position which he still holds, to his own credit and the honor of the country.

It will be seen by our brief sketch that Major Robert Anderson has been no "carpet knight;" he has seen service in the tented field, and has known and braved the discomforts of many a campaign. He is, in fact, not only an accomplished theorist, but a tried and able practical soldier. During the past year he was appointed to the command of the

forts in the harbor of Charleston, and occupied Fort Moultrie while supervising the completion of the formidable battery, Fort Sumpter, which is the key to the line of defences in the harbor. His subsequent action in evacuating Fort Moultrie and taking possession of Fort Sumpter on Christmas night, 1860, is familiar to all our readers. It was a strategical movement which, however offensive it may have been to the authorities of South Carolina, was considered by military authorities to be fully justified by the position in which he was placed. He took the only course which could assure to him the command of the position

entrusted to his charge. Since his possession of Fort Sumpter his course has been eminently conservative, displaying that caution, calmness and decision so necessary in a military commander. A less able or more impressible officer would, beyond the possibility of a doubt, have involved our country in a bloody fratricidal war, which has been, so far, happily prevented by the clear head and true heart of Major Robert Anderson.

The personal appearance of Major Anderson is very striking. In height he is between five feet nine and five feet ten inches, and his figure is firmly knit and very military. His hair is nearly

gray. His complexion is dark; his eyes, very dark; his manners are very courteous, and his voice rich and full. We have, however, said so much about him in our last few papers that it is unnecessary to lengthen our notice. He is a soldier of whom the republic may well be proud, and enjoys the respect of both North and South. That he may never be called upon to test his courage and endurance against his own countrymen is the sincere prayer of every true American.

All parties have perfect confidence in his



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON, U. S. A., IN COMMAND OF FORT SUMPTER, CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEBSTER & BROS.

earnest patriotism, resting assured that if a civil and unholy war does afflict this great land, it will not be precipitated by any indiscretion or reckless act on the part of the commander of Fort Sumpter.

Barnum's American Museum.

NO PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN AMERICA. we may say in the world, presents its patrons with such a variety of LIVING WONDERS, NOVELTIES AND CURIOSITIES, with such an immense number of specimens of Nature and Art, and so much amusement, and that too of the highest class, as this Museum. No pains or expense are spared to obtain everything rare and interesting, amusing or entertaining, and hence it is that everything that can attract the attention of the public finds its way to

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SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES

take place every afternoon and evening. And yet the price of admission to the whole is only 25 cents. Children under ten years, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—The Bank had raised the rate of discount from 6 to 7 per cent, which had caused a fall in the funds. The measure had been rendered necessary by the large shipments of gold to this country. The Bank of France was also said to be in an unsatisfactory condition. The weather in England continued very severe. Lord Brougham's letter to James Redpath, repudiating the John Brown fanaticism, had been published, and given general satisfaction. The fact is, the breaking-up of the American Union, or even the continuation of our present complicated state, is regarded by every sound mind as a general calamity. Among the minor items of interest, is the killing of a man connected with Astley's Amphitheatre by one of the lions now exhibiting at that place. The three beasts broke from their cage, and one of them caught the unhappy man and throttled him with his teeth. Their keeper coming in, dragged the animal off, but the man was quite dead. There is a total absence of all political news. Lord Palmerston had made a speech in Southampton, expressing the utmost regret at the contest now raging here. The fact is, all seem alive to the wickedness of our fratricidal strife except ourselves. There was a rumor that the allied fleets had been crippled by a hurricane at the mouth of the Pelho.

France.—Among the rumors of the day was that the British Government had strongly protested against any prolonged stay of the French troops in Syria. The Emperor had not replied to it when the Marston sailed. Three new iron-clad vessels, similar to La Gloire, are to be commenced at Toulon. It was said that France would have 640,000 men ready to take the field at a few hours' notice early in February, beside a reserve force of 400,000 men. The general expectation was that a war was imminent in the spring. At the New Year's levee, the Emperor had expressed to Mr. Faulkner, the American Minister at Paris, his hope that there would be no disruption of the Union. A pamphlet had appeared in Paris upon the question of the bishops. It is very hostile to the temporal power of the Pope.

Italy.—The siege of Gaeta still continued, and the French squadron remained at anchor as a protection to the royal Bomba. Napoleon's Italian policy was occasioning great anxiety at Turin, and it was currently reported that he had not abandoned his idea of a confederation. The Pope had complimented the French General at Rome upon the support granted to Bombs by the French fleet at Gaeta. A letter from Garibaldi had been published in the Turin papers, in which he had reiterated his intention of attacking Venetia in the spring. A Vienna newspaper had announced that the British Cabinet had ceased to recommend the sale of Venetia. A Bourbon conspiracy had been detected in Naples. It is probable that the French fleet will sail from Gaeta, and that Ferdinand will suspend hostilities for ten days, to allow time for negotiation.

Germany.—In the Chamber of Deputies on the 7th, at Dresden, during a debate on the question of Denmark and the Duchies, Mr. Von Beust, the Minister, applauded the attitude of Prussia, whose overtures have everywhere been approved, and said, "There is no doubt that the leadership of Prussia will be supported on all sides at the approaching discussion of that question by the Federal Diet." He added that all the Federal Governments were ready to take the field to carry out the Prussian views.

Austria.—Disturbances had taken place at Kerskomet, Hungary, on 5th January. The military were compelled to fire, and several persons had been wounded. Austria had not relaxed her policy in Venetia, and everything betokened an approaching struggle. The quadrilateral was made all but impregnable, and General Benedek was incessant in his exertions to have everything in order. There was no truth in the rumor that Count Rechberg was about to resign. The Emperor fully endorsed his policy of resisting to the end. The Emperor had granted an amnesty to Croatia, Hungary, Transylvania and Slavonia.

China.—The peace is confirmed. A Chinese ambassador to reside in London, and all the Chinese ports are to be thrown open to all nations.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

On the 22d, in the Senate, a very animated debate arose upon the secessions of the day previous. The following remarks of various Senators are so significant, that we condense them. Mr. Douglas said that certain Senators had announced their retirement, and also that they did not intend to return. This would create many vacancies in several committees. Their taking leave has nothing to do with the question whether the States are out of the Union or not.

Mr. Trumbull, Illinois, thought their names should be stricken from the roll and be considered Senators no longer.

Mr. Wilson, Massachusetts, said he did not understand that these Senators had resigned. The Senators from South Carolina had resigned. He would recognize the fact that these Senators were temporarily absent, but considered them members of the Senate yet.

Mr. Sanlebury, Delaware, asked if the Senators should come back, could any power prevent their voting?

Mr. Benjamin, Louisiana, thought it strange there should be any question as to fact. It was fact that the States had seceded. He thought that at least the journal should record the fact that the Senators had declared that their States had seceded and had withdrawn.

Mr. Fessenden, Maine, asked if Senators could remain after their States had seceded.

Mr. Benjamin—Clearly not in my opinion.

Mr. Seward, New York, said we would be doing a discourtesy if we put the fact on the record without also putting there the reason of the Senators. But he was entirely opposed to making any entry of this transaction. He thought the least said is soonest mended. He was for leaving these seats for those Senators, or other Senators from their States, to resume in their own good time. He hoped the time would not be long before they would be resumed. If the records are only for the instruction of posterity, the failing to record this transaction would be a breach or omission more honored than observance.

The rest of the sitting was taken up in a debate on the present state of affairs, and incidentally respecting the fact that the State of Ohio had refused to deliver up one of the John Brown conspirators when demanded last year.

In the Senate, on the 21st of January, the proceedings were important and interesting. Mr. Hunter, who has been chairman for fifteen years of the Finance Committee, reported the Indian Appropriation bill, and resigned a position he had occupied with such distinguished honor, on the plea that the approaching crisis had so completely altered the state of parties. Mr. Sillit then offered certain resolutions censuring the President for appointing Mr. Holt Secretary of War. The subject was laid over. Then came the various seceding Senators. Messrs. Yulee and Malloy, of Florida, then announced their withdrawal from the Senate, their State having seceded from the Union. They were followed by Messrs. Clay and Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, and Mr. Davis, of Mississippi. The valedictories of these gentlemen were very pathetic, and drew tears from Senators and spectators. When the seceding Senators had withdrawn from the Chamber, the House bill admitting Kansas was taken up, amended and passed by a vote of thirty-six to sixteen. There are doubts about the House concurring in the amendment. At any rate, it is not likely that the bill will be reached in the House for a couple of weeks. The Crittenden adjustment was then taken up, and in the course of the discussion upon it, Mr. Cameron stated his willingness to vote for Mr. Bigler's plan of settlement.

In the House, the reports of the Committee of Thirty-three were taken up, and the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Corwin, and Mr. Millson, of Virginia, made speeches on the distracted condition of the country. The remarks of both gentlemen were of pacificatory character.

In the House, the Chairman of the Post Office Committee reported back the bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to suspend the mail service in seceding States. Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, proposed a substitute, authorizing and empowering the President, when he shall deem it necessary, to suspend all laws and parts of laws establishing ports of entry and collection districts in South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, or any other State that has now, or may hereafter secede, or be in rebellion against the United States, and to continue such suspension until such States shall return to their loyalty to the United States. The President shall give notice of such suspension by proclamation, and such suspension shall commence ten days thereafter. The consideration of the bill was postponed till Thursday week. The debate on the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was then resumed, in the course of which Mr. Clement made a strong Union speech. This voice from Virginia was received with considerable satisfaction. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, also made a strong anti-secession speech.

In the Senate, on the 23d, the Tariff Bill was taken up and referred to a Special Committee. Motion to take up Mr. Crittenden's resolutions was defeated by 27 to 24—the Republicans voting in a body against it.

In the House, the Post Route Bill which was passed last session was taken up. The amendments were agreed to. The consideration of the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was resumed, and Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, made a strong anti-secession speech on the affairs of the nation. The remarks of Mr. Etheridge derive additional importance from the circumstance that he is prominently put forward as a candidate for a seat in the Cabinet of the President elect. He was followed by Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois. A communication was received from the Georgia delegation announcing the secession of that State, and their withdrawal from Congress. Mr. Montgomery, Democrat, of Pennsylvania, in view of the impossibility of the present Congress settling the difficulties of the nation, proposed that all the members resign, and that a new election be held. By this time there were only about a dozen members present, and soon after the House adjourned.

The Wisdom of Forbearance; or, the Present Phase of Affairs.

EVERY day confirms the opinion we hazarded a month ago, that the present crisis, terrible and trying as it is to every interest—political, social, financial and commercial, would yet, out of its very peril and importance, lead to ultimate good, just as an unexpected calamity sobers into seriousness the fickle and wavering of every class. Classes, as well as individuals, are too much given to trifle with great questions, and plunge others into positions of danger out of mere thoughtlessness.

The determined and ultra conduct of South Carolina and the Seceding States has brought the Republican Party to a sudden sense of the folly and wickedness of persisting in an abstract absurdity at the risk of a civil war, or else a disruption of our great Republic. Rhode Island has commenced retracing her steps by repealing her Personal Liberty Bill, and the people of Boston have plainly intimated to the Wendell Phillip fanatics, through the Mayor of that city, that they will not countenance any of those Abolition meetings, which would fire the Union merely to "warm an idea." The destruction of our Union, merely to rescue a runaway nigger, would be as absurd as the Chinaman who set fire to his house merely to roast a little pig. Every day brings the Philip drunk nearer the Philip sober, and we have little doubt ere Mr. Buchanan lays down his office, the extreme politicians of both sides will be overawed by that great and irresistible party, the conservatives of all sections, called into existence by the immediate presence of a danger which none except madmen can ignore. It is also more than probable that the apparent "do-nothing policy" of Mr. Buchanan will prove in the end as the wisest course that could, under the circumstances, have been adopted. The days of Jackson have passed, and it is not improbable that the dictatorial course pursued by him thirty years ago would, in the temper both parties were at the commencement of November, have precipitated events fatal to every hope of a reconciliation.

There seems to be settling over our public men a solemn sense of responsibility, eminently favorable to a permanent settlement of the only question likely to disturb the harmony of our Republic.

Reform of our Merchant Marine.

No one who has of late years closely watched the condition of the American merchant marine can deny that it presents in the whole a mass of abuse, so far as the condition of the sailor is concerned; and that, as regards the average social and pecuniary reward of labor, his is the most inadequate. The mechanic ashore, if industrious and economical, may reasonably hope in a few years to own a little home, or at least to have risen to such a position as to confidently anticipate a prosperous career. But for the sailor, who has no influential friends to push him to a mate and captainship, there is no such hope. A hard life and an early death form his probability.

It has been pointed out to us by one who has had many years practical experience as mate, that many of the modern mechanical improvements, which it was hoped would alleviate the hard lot of the sailor (and which would do so under a proper system of humanity and discipline), have actually made it harder. Instead of employing, as before, a full complement of experienced men, the captain takes a few raw hands at reduced wages, a few boys, and has a very few old sailors "shanghaed," or kidnapped, by

those greatest of scoundrels, the sailor boarding-housekeepers. For the first few days all is made as easy as possible, until the raw hands have learned to pull and haul a little. After this, of course, severity and ill-feeling begin; with such a crew, made up on such principles, there must sooner or later be trouble. The kidnapped men feel no honorable obligations to act well, and the raw hands and boys take after them. Hence the terrible cruelties which disgrace American ships. The mates and captains have grown up under a false system of needless harshness and cruelty, and commit the common error of mistaking tyranny for discipline.

To all this we must add the undeniable fact that as, one year with another, the inducements to remain on shore increase, the quality of the sailors deteriorates. The northern fisheries have been for many years almost the only thing which has preserved our merchant marine from total degradation. They have been a school from which good seamen have gone into all services, and the bounty paid to maintain them has been, considering the results on our commerce, the wisest expenditure made by Uncle Sam. The whalers have also done much good in this direction, though we regret to learn that statistics establish that of late years this has been a most unprofitable service for the sailor.

Something must be done, however; what shall it be? Fortunately, in the mass of abuses and misery we find two or three encouraging facts. One of those is that a good and humane captain is always a favorite, and can readily man his ship with good men. It is the best economy in the long run to have such captains. Secondly, one really good sailor will exert a good influence on a whole crew. Sailors are easily influenced by those whom they respect. Now the "good" sailors to whom we refer are men who have not lost their ambition. Here we touch on the whole secret of marine reform. We must find some means of promising the sailor something better ahead, some hopes of promotion and of better pay as he becomes fitter for them. And it is astonishing on how small a chance a man will work if you only convince him that he will not be cheated, but be fairly treated.

The thing can be done, but it involves a complete reform in our present merchant marine. The whole system should be elevated to a discipline approaching that of the navy, so that promotion should go by merit. To secure this, there should be marine schools where boys should be well educated, and then placed as apprentices on merchant vessels, it being distinctly understood that such apprentices, while expected to work hard, are still in due course of promotion, if they excel in duty and pass their examinations. These apprentices must stick to their ship and not change at every voyage. In due time all raw hands would be referred to the preparatory schools, so great would be the advantage of employing the regularly educated sailor. In encouragement of this idea, we learn that half a sailor's practical duty—work among the ropes and "material"—could be learned at a ship-school as well as in any other way. It would pay, we believe, even to establish private ship-schools. In six months a green hand would learn enough at any such school to escape the dreaded and often dreadful probation which he must undergo in the regular service.

Every consideration of humanity as well as mere interest calls for these reforms. In the march of humanity the sailor only is behind. Will our merchant princes—will the people inaugurate this reform?

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

We have frequently had occasion to censure the false humanity, or else corruption, which induces the Press so often to suppress the names of respectable rascality. The Hartford Post gives the following account of a bit of down-east meanness which deserves exposure:

"At a factory not a great many miles hence, the afternoons, of late, have become amazingly lengthy, and little account could be given of the fact. The sun might be on a seceding expedition, but the factory clock was firm in its devotion to the union (that is, the manufacturing com any it belonged to); there could, or must be no doubt of that. A few days ago the working partner of the firm was repeatedly found pushing back the minute hand of the clock ten or more minutes at a time. He was caught in the act, and a very material row took place between him and the workmen, which was compromised on a pecuniary principle satisfactory to the latter, although not exactly so to the former. One of the workmen declared that 'the saying *Tempus fugit* is nonsense, for the darned old thing for several days had *fugied* backwards.'"

Such a man is only fit to be sent down South to peddle "Helper's Impending Crisis," or collect subscriptions for a monument to John Brown.

The Republicans are deeply scandalized at the rumor recently prevalent that our worthy Vice President elect, Hannibal Hamlin, was a gentleman of color—in point of fact, a negro. The Hartford Post denies the so-called impachment, and says that Hannibal Hamlin's grandfather and grandmother were both white people, and had four sons who were thus geographically named—Asia Hamlin, Africa Hamlin, Europe Hamlin and America Hamlin. It certainly does seem reasonable to suppose that these modern Shem, Ham and Japhet might vary in their complexions, and that the descendants of so significant a person as Hannibal Ham (lin) would per necessitatem be colored persons.

The Sun is certainly a very funny paper. In the same column there is an article full of Christian benevolence and immediately under is a letter from a young desperado in favor of piracy, or as he terms it the fitting out of privateers against the seceding States. These highly amusing compositions reconcile us to the omission of the foreign news, six days later from Europe, by the Teutonia, which appeared in every daily paper except the Sun, that now prays, and not shines, for all.

It is Pleasant now and then to know that lawyers catch a Tartar. Mr. Wakeman, the eminent counsel, on the 22d met with an animal of this genus. We quote from the *Daily News*:

"During the taking of the testimony, plaintiff's counsel addressed a remark to one of the witnesses for the defence, which the defendant's counsel thought insulting, and objected to it."

"The plaintiff's counsel, then addressing the witness, said:

"You did not suppose that I intended to insult you, did you?"

"Witness somewhat naively, 'Oh, no, of course not, I did not mind what you say. You are only a lawyer.'"

"The look of pity put on by the witness provoked much laughter, in which even the counsel joined."

For once Mr. Wakeman met with a more wide-awake man!

In New Orleans the damage suit of Arthur Cobbin against the Carrollton Railroad Company, in which he claims \$50,000 in compensation for the loss of his leg by a collision on the road in August last, was postponed. If Mr. Cobbin values his leg at \$50,000, it is a rule of three sum to find out what his whole anatomy is worth. The other leg \$50,000, two arms \$30,000 each—perhaps an additional sum for the right. We have seldom heard of a more valuable body. A dozen such carcasses would replenish our national treasury.

A Paris Letter says: "Alexandre Dumas took us all by surprise the other day by making his appearance among us. We thought him enjoying the *dolce far niente* of Naples, and—*too! too! too!*—*Me voilà!* He has come back—I don't know for what; but he has brought back with him the famous Admiral Emilio, the pretty actress of the Belleville Theatre, who has attended him in this long cruise, attired in a naval uniform." What would our New York Yacht Clubs say to Dumas as an eligible candidate for their associations? Just fancy pretty actresses in a roughish or knave-all uniform.

The Telegraphic Wires announce that the Mayor of Toronto, in his inauguration speech on the 21st, stated to his Common Council that the troubles in the United States would bring large accessions to the population of the British Provinces, and that consequently he recommended such a policy in regard to taxation as would encourage Americans to turn Canadians! This recommendation sent for emigrants does him credit, but he has reckoned without his loss,

without he means the "colored persons" who may take advantage to escape by the underground railroad. To leave the United States for Canada would be getting out of the frying-pan into the fire; but at all events we ought to know what inducement the worthy Mayor has to offer in the way of taxation! There is a vagueness about the temptation not particularly attractive!

An Irish Friend of ours, in giving his opinion of a Frenchman's serious conversation, said, "Faith, whenever a Frenchman talks common sense he makes a great ass of himself." We need not point out to the intelligent reader that for "common sense" our Irish friend meant "matter of fact," but proceed to prove his opinion out of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, which contains a letter from a correspondent, which is this verbatim. He is lamenting the present crisis:

"As I saw the fall of the French Empire in 1814 and 1815, and that each Power regained often more than it had lost, I can tell you what would happen in America if the United States should separate and find themselves reduced to civil war. In the first place, France would retake Louisiana, according to ancient treaties; Spain would reclaim Florida; England would appropriate Oregon and several other States; Mexico, under English protection, would retake the territory of New Mexico, Texas and California; and England might perhaps keep California as an indemnity for the subsidies furnished to the Mexican Government in this war against the former United States."

Why not add—"And the heirs of Powhattan will dispossess the Smiths!"

Adams & Co.'s Express.—We are indebted to Adams & Co. for our despatches from Charleston, S. C. They reach us by Adams & Co.'s Southern Express in advance of the mail matter, and we are thus enabled to place the interesting sketches from our Artist in Charleston before our readers at a much earlier date. The promptitude and reliability of Adams & Co.'s Express have become almost a proverb in the mercantile community.

The English Papers devote much space to the present crisis in the United States. It is scarcely possible to conceive a greater amount of ignorance than is shown by the leading journals of London. Pre-eminent for its "glittering generalities" of nonsense is the Premier's organ, the *Morning Post*. A very long and solemn editorial in that paper concludes in these words:

"But in America, as in Europe, the tide has turned. The union in one great Republican party of the hitherto divided and discordant opponents of slave extension has resulted in the election of Lincoln—a result not unlike the general fusion of Italian liberals as effected two years ago by Count Cavour. South Carolina has crossed her Minio."

Cavour and Lincoln very much alike! Cavour the Italian Lincoln, and Lincoln the American Cavour! Since Cuffee said that "Pompey and Sambo were very much alike," specially Sambo, we have had nothing more Plutarchian in its parallel. Why does not Pam submit these articles to Mr. Dallas before they are handed over to the compositors?

The Emperor of France is certainly a most remarkable man. With the sword in one hand and the ledger—not Bonner's—in the other, he marches through Europe and Asia. A pamphlet has just made its appearance in Paris, in which he deliberately says that it is his intention to bind France and England still more closely together—by a cotton twist. He intends to import coolies from China to work the cotton fields of Algeria, thus rendering Manchester and Algiers beneficial to each other. It is said that cotton can be grown in Algiers at one-half what it costs in America. Whether this be true or not, there is no question our cotton States will soon have rivals to compete with. It would be well if we were to give more attention to our manufactures.

The Fuss and military parade and manoeuvres caused by the Kerrigan hoax, which induced Captain Foote to get everything in readiness to bombard New York, has caused a hearty laugh at the official expense of the Brooklyn authorities. Captain Ward honestly said, as he loaded every gun of the North Carolina to the muzzle with a peck of bullets, that he did not care for being laughed at. It must be confessed that the gallant officer has put his *Foote* into it. Still, there is no harm done, as the old lady said when she had sat up all night with a policeman waiting for burglars.

PERSONAL.

BISHOP WHITTINGHAM, of Maryland, has declared in favor of the Union.

MR. LINCOLN, the President elect, was hung on the night of the 11th, in Mobile, Ala. As he was none the worse for the suspension next morning, we presume he was hung in effigy.

The French journals have a strange story about the elder Dumas being captured by some Spanish journalists, disguised as bandits, and compelled to write a romance as ransom. Fortunately for the great novelist, their demand was only for one volume, which Alexandre dashed off before dinner.

It is said that Captain Foote's promptness in acting upon the information that the Brooklyn Navy Yard was about to be attacked, has displeased the Washington authorities so much that they contemplate holding a Court Martial on him. It is maintained that he ought to have telegraphed to Washington, and not acted on his own responsibility.

COLONEL HAYNE, the South Carolina Commissioner, remains in the Federal Capital, dining with the Southern Senators.

BLOOMER, the great rope-dancer, is now in New York. He will soon sail for Europe.

The political guidance report that extraordinary exertions are being made to strengthen Senator Cameron's position with Lincoln.

MR. M. D. GREEN has been appointed Inspector of Railroads. If he attends to his duties he may be of great service to the community. This is one of the new offices lately instituted by the Common Council.

MRS. LINCOLN, wife to the President elect, is staying at Leland's Metropolitan Hotel. Her son has also been in New York on a visit to see his mother, and the lions. He is a student of Harvard College, and about seventeen.

MR. FILLMORE, ex-President, has declined his one-third share of the wild goose chase to explain matters to the South Carolinians.

JOHN MITCHELL has now discovered that the object of England in the present Chinese war is to get territory for growing cotton, and so damage the cotton States of America. He says: "Now China, at present, produces even six times as much cotton as all your Southern States put together—not of the finest kind, indeed, but of the sort which nankens is made, in which about three hundred millions of people are clothed every day. Yet, where that cotton grows, it is calculated that other and better cotton may grow; and the magnificent alluvial valleys of Central China, all around the Hoon Ho and the Yang-tze Kiang rivers, are certainly as capable of producing the most valuable kinds of that useful plant as are the valleys of the Mississippi and the Alabama. Labor, also, is far more abundant, and costs literally nothing at all. Once the country is subjected, English cotton-growers may have many millions of laborers, all anxious to work for their bare subsistence, for what would subsidize one negro would be a luxurious supply for five Chinamen." This remarkable passage is from his last Paris letter, dated December 15th, and addressed to the *Charleston Mercury*.

The Philadelphia *Atlas* says that Sothorn, the actor, who made himself so famous as Lord Dundreary, has quite taken the drab-colored citizens of the Rectangular Wigwag by storm. He has lately appeared in a companion piece to the "American Cousin," with wonderful success.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—On Monday, the 21st, the Associated Artists commenced their campaign with Mercadante's fine opera, "Il Giuramento," to an audience neither very fashionable nor very numerous. The patronage must be more liberal and more general, to yield even fair salaries to the principal artists. The opera, as a whole, was well performed. Madame Colson sung most charmingly, and won the most cordial approbation. Slowly, but surely, she has won her way with the habitués of the Academy. With the public she became at once a favorite, but her appearance at Winter Garden, under Strakosch's management, in rivalry of the Academy, was a sin which our upper ten found very hard to forgive. But the genius of Colson, her delicious singing and fine acting have melted their obdurate hearts, and she is now warmly and justly appreciated.

The other artists sang with their accustomed acceptability, and the chorus and orchestra were good. "Il Giuramento" will never be a popular opera here, and we advise the management not to strive to force it upon the public—if they do so, it will be to their cost.

MISS ISABELLA HINKLEY.—The debut of this young American artist on Wednesday evening, 23d inst., in the character of Lucia, was attended by a large and brilliant audience, and was, to all appearance, a very decided success. She is very handsome, and her face is highly expressive. Her voice is a very fine quality of soprano, with extensive range, sufficient power and thoroughly well cultivated. Her executive ability is considerable, facility and brilliancy distinguishing her floriture throughout the rôle—more especially in the "mad scene," which was quite a triumph for the young artist. She was called out several times, and received all the honors attendant on a successful debut.

We shall speak more fully upon the qualifications of Miss Hinkley

after a second hearing, reserving until then strict critical comment. Our readers will find an account of her previous art career, also a portrait, in another part of this issue.

We are very glad to welcome Signor Stefani back again. He uses his fine voice with great judgment, and sings with much taste and expression. His Edgardo was the best we have had for a long time. The next appearance of Miss Hinkley will be on Tuesday, the 29th of January.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S CONCERT.—The concert given by this popular and charming artist at the new Irving Hall last week would have been a splendid money success but for the weather, which was most wretched. The rain poured down in torrents, and the snow lying thick on the ground, made the walking perfectly intolerable. As it was, however, several hundreds of warm and consistent admirers assembled to hear the charming vocalist and the many excellent artists who assisted at the concert. The programme displayed the following attractive names: Signora Frezzolini, Madame Von Berkel, Mts. Kate Comstock, Messrs. Aynsley Cook, F. Rudolphsen, S. C. Massett, J. R. Thomas, Muller, Brookhouse, Bowler and Quinto. Pianists, S. B. Mills, J. N. Pattison, W. Saar, T. A. Hogan and D'Angri de Abella; W. Doehler, violinist; Signor Biscaccianti, violinist; M. Siedler, flautist; and Mr. McKorkell, organist; Carl Anschütz acting as conductor. The length of the programme precludes the possibility of noticing the performers in detail. Frezzolini sang better than she has ever sung in New York. It was a charming performance and was loudly applauded. All the other artists sang and played and recited to the great satisfaction of the audience. Nearly every piece was encored.

Madame Anna Bishop was in admirable voice, and sang with a spirit which reminded us of her earlier triumphs. She was justly, and of course, applauded to the very echo. Her great *pièce de résistance* was "Gratias Agimus," which was a brilliant exhibition of executive power and quite electrified her hearers. It was vociferously encored, as were also her ballads, which few can sing as she does. An evidence of this was given in the burst of applause which greeted the symphony of "Home, Sweet Home." We trust that we shall soon hear Madame Bishop again.

DRAMA.

NIBLO'S.—Snow and rain, and hail and wind, conspired during last week against the theatre, and, despite the discouraging state of the weather, Mr. Forrest's admirers, on each night he acted, thronged the house, filling it to the very dome. This great artist is now completing the nineteenth week of his engagement, and yet has played scarcely half his parts. So far as the public are concerned, he might continue to act until the Fourth of July. Next week we are promised "Richelieu," with the exception, perhaps, of "Othello" and "Lear," his greatest part; a part he has made so thoroughly his own as to render the attempt of any other artist to delineate the rôle simply ridiculous.

LAURA KEENE'S.—Miss Keene has added several new and amusing scenes to the "Seven Sisters," and launched it anew on the wave of popular favor.

WALLACE'S.—The "Lady of St. Tropez" has proved highly attractive, and will run for a length of time.

WINTER GARDEN.—Mr. Jefferson having concluded an engagement that probably brought him more fame than money, Mr. Edwin Booth again tempts his fate.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we announce a course of three readings from "Shakespeare and the Poets," by Professor John W. S. Hows, the first of which will take place on Monday next at Clinton Hall, Astor place. These readings of Professor Hows' become more and more attractive by repetition; in fact, it is necessary that the public be educated up to them, in order fully to appreciate their great merit. Consequently, each season finds Professor Hows surrounded by audiences not only more numerous, but more earnest, more attentive, more intelligent. This is a state of things eminently satisfactory to all concerned, for while the auditors may safely congratulate themselves upon their good taste and discernment, Prof. Hows must find that it is mainly owing to his endeavors that that taste has been stimulated and that discernment directed into proper channels. We think, too, that Professor Hows may well feel an honest pride in the dignified position he has always maintained: year after year a very legion of would-be readers and elocutionists appear and disappear, their very names forgotten before twelve months have rolled away; but the years that bring oblivion to so many only add to the admiration and respect which this community have always felt for Mr. Hows both as an artist and a man. Living in our midst for many years, he has won for himself a host of friends, and finds his name indeed "great in mouths of wisest censure." Among the selections for the present course of Readings will be found several which Professor Hows has not hitherto read in public. We would especially call attention to Kingley's "St. Maura," confident that it will be rendered with thrilling effect, and to the scene from "Henry IV.," for we can safely promise all those who attend that they will be brought face to face with Sir John Falstaff, not dilated to meet the narrow ideas of Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown, but the very original fat knight, with all his quaintness and queeriness, as the Bard of All Time conceived and drew him.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

REPUBLIC OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
Charleston, Jan. 22, 1861.

TELEGRAPHIC RUMORS.

To JUDGE by the totally conflicting dispatches that reach here from Washington in the course of twenty-four hours, one would have a perfect right to imagine that the nation had gone mad, and that the officials of the Federal Capital had been suddenly transformed into raving and incomprehensible lunatics. Contradictory statements succeed each other so rapidly that one goes quite distracted in trying to arrive at the real state of affairs. At the commencement of hostilities, this sort of thing was especially despairing. The day after Major Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie and occupied Fort Sumpter, the dispatches came thick and fast. First we heard that the President wouldn't sustain Major Anderson; then we heard that the President would sustain Major Anderson. Then we heard that the troops would be withdrawn from Fort Sumpter; then we heard that the troops wouldn't be withdrawn from Fort Sumpter. Then we heard that Secretary Floyd had resigned; then we heard that Secretary Floyd had withdrawn his resignation; then we heard that Secretary Floyd hadn't withdrawn his resignation. Then we heard that General Scott had been appointed Secretary of War; then we heard that General Scott hadn't been appointed Secretary of War, but that Mr. Holt had been. Then we heard—but really the catalogue is inexhaustible and my time is limited.

Now there are people who place implicit confidence in telegraphic reporters, and then again there are people who do not. Unfortunately, the former class is much the larger of the two; and, accordingly, the telegraphic reporters have the Charleston people completely under the thumb. To what pernicious use they put this power, the instances above quoted afford ample proof. The wildest rumor, the most exaggerated *canard* that can emanate from the brain of a telegraphic reporter, or be communicated thereto, is received here as gospel truth, and, for the time being, produces its effect. Thus are the Charlestonians kept in a perpetual fever, tranquillized one moment with the assurance that everything will be peaceably arranged, and startled the next by a dispatch that blows the blast of war into their ears, and suggests streets soppy with blood as a not improbable contingency.

It seems singular to me that people who have been so often deceived by it should still trust in the treacherous telegram, but in spite of its never-ending contradictions, the popular faith in it is unshaken, and nothing, from present appearances, will ever thin the crowd that all the day long chokes up the avenues to the newspaper offices.

South Carolina Spunk.

I would not have you infer at all from what I have said of the anxiety of the people here as to the proceedings in Washington, that the Charlestonians are at all afraid to meet the consequences of what they have done. On the contrary; for in that matter a more unanimously determined people could not exist.

I assure you most positively that South Carolina is in earnest about coercion. She will resist all attempts that may be made to coerce her until her last drop of blood is spilled. The newspaper pleasantries I now see indulged in at the North, in regard to South Carolina courage, will be abundantly belied, you may depend, in the first definite action—if it comes to that—between the Palmetto troops and those of the Federal Government.

But why, because South Carolina chooses to secede from the Union, a civil war should ensue and the whole country be given over to carnage, I confess I cannot see. I do not profess to be a great politician, nor a strategist, nor a political economist, nor anything of that sort, but none of the qualities which distinguish the characters above-mentioned seem to me requisite in the present case. The problem is so simple that a child might demonstrate it. The Federal Government must either make up its mind to acknowledge South Carolina as a Sovereign Commonwealth, or to kill, not only every man in South Carolina, but every man that would, in such case, enlist under South Carolina's banner. The question is—"Is the Federal Government willing to accept the latter alternative?" If it is not, why not yield up the forts, and so settle the matter at once?

It is not my habit to introduce my own doctrine in these letters, but at a time when every one is venting opinions through the press, the words of one who is in a position to know the state of the case in at least one section of the country may not call for special apology.

I had intended to make this letter longer, in which case it might have been more interesting, but I find that I have just five minutes left in which to get it into the Post Office in time to reach you. After all I have no very shrieking news to tell you, owing to the general *status quo* state of things in Washington, but even if I had, the mail is inexorable, and I must now close.

W. F.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

A TALE of scandal and murder in high life horrified the public some short time ago. It was to the effect that the Marquis of Downshire, who is now with his family cruising in the Mediterranean in his beautiful yacht, the *Syrphide*, caught his captain in his lares to his daughter, Lady Alice. In a rage, so the story went, the marquis took the sailor up by the waistband of his trousers and deliberately threw him overboard, where he was drowned till he was dead as a herring. This hoax was seriously swallowed by the *Advertiser*, and believed by many of those who look upon a nobleman as capable of any atrocity. Lord Sandys, the uncle to the marquis, has written to the newspapers pronouncing the story a weak invention of some penny-a-liner.

On the night of Christmas, a shocking event occurred at the Hut Barracks, occupied by the Military Train Corps, at the encampment on Woolwich Common. It appears that some dispute took place between John May, a private of the second battalion of the corps, and a comrade, named Charles Knight, the latter accusing the former of keeping possession of a pipe which belonged to him. May left the barracks, but was pursued by Knight, who attacked him in a savage manner, and May fell heavily, receiving a fractured skull from contact with a large stone. The sufferer was soon conveyed to the hospital, where he died within two hours after admission. On hearing of his comrade's death, Knight ran away from the barracks, and, although several pickets were sent in pursuit, he has not yet been found. The murders and acts of violence among the soldiers in England are becoming so frequent as to call marked attention to the subject.

A MANCHESTER paper has the following terrible instance of suffering: On Sunday evening, at five o'clock, Margaret Wrigley, aged 62, reeking with her brother, Patrick Baxter, in a dwelling in George street, Bradford, was found dead in her chair. Her brother, who was an invalid, confined to his bed in the same room, observed that she was dead at five o'clock on Saturday night, but was so ill that he was unable to create sufficient noise to bring any person to his assistance. A son of the deceased happened to enter the house about five o'clock on Sunday evening.

COURT CAVOUR, delighted at the prospect of the final abolition of passports in France, is justly anxious to vindicate to himself the merit of being beforehand with the Emperor Napoleon in this liberal measure. "For the last three months," he says, "it has been strictly forbidden at the Italian frontier to ask for the traveller's passports. An Englishman may now move and circulate freely all the way from London to Brindisi without a passport."

MR. JOHN M'ADAM, of Glasgow, who was dispatched to Naples with a portion of the Glasgow fund set apart for the volunteers in Italy, and £150 of the Glasgow Ladies' Sick and Wounded Garibaldi Fund, writes on the 18th of December: "As the Melazzo steamer sailed last night with about two hundred and fifty of the men belonging to London and south of England, I went on board and served individually worsted comforters and long woolen stockings to each man; and as we had, among other things, that afternoon squeezed out of the Sardinian Government five hundred thick woolen Jersey shirts, to be served out free to the men, and as the vessel, though overcrowded, is well found and in good trim, I trust they will be comfortable, compared with the state they were in."

THE Dover *Gazette* has a strange account of how an English baronet, aged seventy, married the chambermaid of the Ship Hotel, Dover. It appears that he dropped his purse, which had a considerable sum of money in it. A pretty young damsel of nineteen found it and took it to him. The old gentleman said she was an honest lass, and that was all the thanks she got. Her fellow servants agreed with her that he was the meanest man they had seen for a long time. But next morning the tables were turned, for the fine old English gentleman, only seventy years old, told the landlord to send the finder of the purse to him. She went, expecting a new dress, but what was her surprise when the old baronet told her he had been looking out for an honest woman for a wife, and so he offered her his hand and heart. Ambition was too strong for her, and she overlooked the disparity of half a century, and they were married.

FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.—In the beginning of the eighteenth century several secret associations sprang up in France, which, in their external characters and mysterious rites, attempted an imitation of Freemasonry, differing, however, from that institution, of which they were, perhaps, the rivals for public favor, by their admission of female members. The ladies very naturally extolled the gallantry of these mushroom institutions, and inveighed with increased hostility against the exclusiveness of masonry. The Royal Art was becoming unpopular, and the fraternity believed themselves compelled to use strategy, and to wield in their own defence the weapons of their opponents. At length, the Grand Orient of France finding that these mystic societies were becoming so popular and so numerous as to endanger the permanency of the masonic institution, a new rite was established in 1774, called the "Rite of Adoption," which was placed under the control of the Grand Orient. Rules and regulations were thenceforth provided for the government of these lodges of adoption; one of which was that no men should be permitted to attend them except regular Freemasons, and that each lodge should be placed under the charge, and held under the sanction and warrant of some regularly constituted masonic lodge, whose Master or, in his absence, his deputy, should be the presiding officer, assisted by a female President or Mistress. Under these regulations a Lodge of Adoption was opened in Paris in 1775, under the patronage of the Lodge of St. Anthony, and in which the Duchess of Bourbon presided, and was installed as Grand Mistress of the Adoptive Rite.

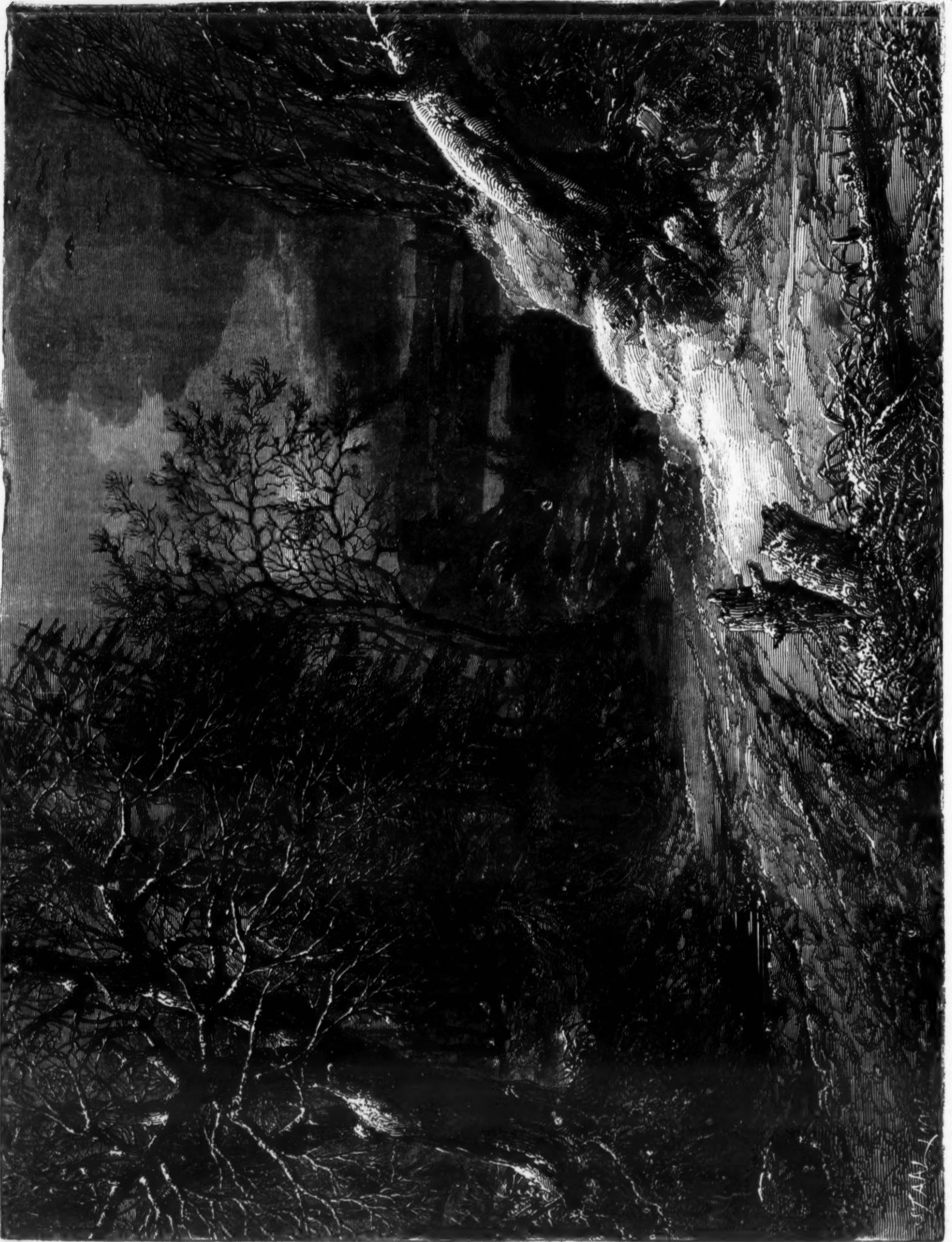
A NEW USE FOR THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The late Mgr. Masson, the day before his death, sent a telegraphic despatch to Rome, requesting the Pope to accord him the Pontifical benediction. The Holy Father immediately consented, and transmitted his blessing by the telegraph: but the message arrived too late, the venerable prelate having expired before its arrival. The reply was worded in the following terms: "Rome, 21st Dec., ten minutes past two in the afternoon. His Holiness has learned with grief the dangerous state of the Bishop of Périgueux, and grants him his Papal benediction.—G. Cardinal Antonelli."

WINTER.

How deep a sleep hath bound thee!
A snow-shroud is round thee,
O Earth, our mother fair!
Where now are spring's gay flowers,
And summer's golden hours,
And those green robes thou once didst wear?

How tranquil are thy slumbers!
No shepherd's tuneful numbers
By vale or stream resound.
Sweet summer songs are over;
The swallow—joyous rover—
In all our fields no more is found.

A Father's hand had dressed thee
In wintry robes; so rest thee
Beneath his watchful sight:
Thy wintry slumbers breaking,
We soon shall see thee waking
In radiant robes of lovely light.



WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

LOLA MONTEZ, COUNTESS OF LANDSFELDT.

LOLA MONTEZ is dead! Take the civilized world through, there is in it probably no one woman whose decease would excite so much interest as will be awakened by those four words. For, apart from her extraordinary career, her wonderful peculiarities, her many noble and generous qualities, and her singular talents, she excelled in what has been called an art—that of being generally acquainted. Years ago, to have known her was a sort of cosmopolite test. Eminent Brahmins, chiefs of digger Indians, monarchs and metaphysicians, brigands and Bohemians, princesses and porters, have all met Lola Montez. She was, *par excellence*, the brilliant adventuress of this age, and the last, perhaps, of that extraordinary class of talented, emancipated women, which, from Sappho and Aspasia down to Aurora Koniagsmark and

Ninon l'Enclos, has been a puzzle and a grief to the disbelievers in woman's capacity for bold thought and free action.

Lola Montez was born, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, in the year 1824; this was her assertion in 1847, when her appearance in fresh and youthful beauty was exactly that of a girl of twenty-three. She was the daughter of an English officer named Gilbert, and was born in Ireland. At a very early age she eloped to India with a Captain James. Her impetuous hereditary temper and adventurous disposition were but little suited to the restraints of matrimony, and she soon quitted the captain. The details of her escape, as written by herself, formed an interesting but only chapter in one of the French journals. Like most persons who have a passion for adventure, she was fond of acquiring some knowledge of languages, and while in

India made a creditable progress in Hindustani and Persian, accomplishments which stood her in good stead, in after years, in Paris among the Oriental embassies, and especially with the staff of Jung Bahadur, of Nepal. We know that she had read "Hafiz," in the original so much at least as to discuss his odes understandingly with those familiar with them.

After returning to England, and passing for some time a very varied life, during which she became acquainted with a large proportion of the artists, statesmen, fast men, and men of the world (and not a few of the women) in general, Lola made her appearance on the stage as a dancer. She had much talent in reproducing strictly national dances, just as she had it for penetrating national spirit and humor in every form. But the public, which has little appreciation in the ballet for anything save the con-

emptible, popular, rooco, flagees style which even Ellsler, Taglioni, Cerito, Rosati and Grahn had to conform to, despite their genius, never did Lola Montez justice. They saw her lack of training, her inability to master the test *tours de force*, but they did not appreciate her real and somewhat remarkable talents. She, however, obtained good engagements in Paris, where she became the centre of one of the most brilliant literary, artistic and cosmopolite circles ever formed there. In those days—the Louis Philippe times—Bohemia was a great power, and Lola was the “co-yphes” of its strongest circle where the circle was most at home. She became mistress of the celebrated Dujarrrier of *La Presse*, who was killed in a duel with a miserable St. Domingo creole, Beauvallon, who had spoken disrespectfully of her. His death caused an immense sensation, and brought Lola still more prominently before the European world.

Her engagements in Germany, and a great variety of very extraordinary adventures in that country, including city riots in Cracow (or Warsaw), resulting in her expulsion from divers places, were to her a source of endless narrative. She was wont to dwell with great gusto on these experiences. Finally she found her way to Munich, where King Louis, a monarch famed for his devotion to beautiful women, soon adopted her as friend. He was at that time anxious to promote liberal reforms, in which he was persistently and ingeniously thwarted by a Jesuit Ministry, and opposed by the people themselves, who were governed soul and body by the priesthood. Lola, with her disposition to have a hand in everything, with liberal ideas derived from the fomentors of the growing revolution in Paris, and with a degree of reading and active thought which would have been remarkable in anybody, soon acquired an influence over the King and inspired his councils. No opposition had ever been made before to the King's liberality to other mistresses, but they had never ventured to meddle in politics, least of all with a liberal view. The breaking up of two Ministries was the result of her being ennobled as the Countess of Landsfeldt, and a general commotion ensued which was fomented in every possible way among the mob. Even the liberals were excited against Lola by absurd and false parallels drawn between her and the Countess Dubarry, when, in fact, she and the King, politically speaking, stood upon a radically different platform. It well became the intensely corrupt town of Munich, half of whose inhabitants are illegitimate, to cry out against the relation existing between her and the King! Can any one deny that, according to the rational system of liberalism which has gained ground within the past decade, in opposition to Socialism and Red Republicanism, King Louis was the most liberal man in Bavaria, just as he was in most things the most intelligent and the most generally well informed? No one man, no one Government in this age has done so much for Art as he—no ruler ever had the welfare of his people so much at heart. But Liberalism in Germany then, as it too frequently the case now, meant impossible, speedy, radical reform.

The writer of these lines resided in Munich during the greater part of the Lola Montez régime, and can bear witness to the fact that almost every day found some new, puerile, malignant, false and filthy libel on the King, and generally on his mistress, in circulation. The grossness and stupidity of these slanders would be incredible to a native of America or of more Western Europe. But in Munich they were eagerly swallowed, and the result was constant insult. When at last the storm came and Lola was driven out by an infuriated mob of citizens and students—both proverbially the grossest and most vulgar in Germany—the King was obliged to abdicate.

The Countess returned to Paris, and in 1849 was immensely repaid of her *recherche* in London. Everybody, from Lord Brougham—so she said—down to poor young Lieutenant Heald, ran after her. And finally Heald married her. The very natural result was a prosecution by his relatives on account of the still living first husband, James; all the details of which, with much material for her biography, appeared in the reports of the case.

Paris was the next resort, and there she led for a time a reflection of her old life. But 1848 had brought strange changes, and neither the Queen nor the subjects were what they had been. Ichabod was inscribed over the door of the Temple of Bohemia. The New York Herald has the following résumé of her first American tour, and which we give entire, as her frequent appearance in the columns of that paper, and the quasi support which she received from it, give its statements in relation to this portion of her life the ground of authority:

Lola again turned up in Paris, and led her old life. She resolved to visit the United States, and cultivated the acquaintance of prominent Americans in Paris. Among others she knew Peter Parley Goodrich, then United States Consul, and before she came over, gave an exhibition of her terpsichorean qualities at a party arranged by the old gentleman. E. P. Willis, a brother of N. P. Willis, brought Lola to this country and acted as her agent. She made her debut at the Broadway Theatre and danced to crowded houses, nearly all men. Everybody was disappointed in her dancing and appearance. Fast living and incessant smoking had made sad inroads upon her beauty. Her eye, which was very large and wondrously beautiful, retained its old lustre, but she was thin and quite unequal to the labor of a premiere danseuse. The Broadway people had engaged Lola for six months, we believe, and she visited Boston, Philadelphia



LOLA MONTEZ, COUNTESS OF LANDSFELDT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. W. MEADE.

and other cities, under the management of Caleb Marshall. Willis had a quarrel with her, and he was replaced by a Greek, whose name has escaped us. Then came the celebrated Jo. Scovill, who was awfully bullied by the Countess, and soon resigned his post. When Lola was not quarrelling with the manager (that was pretty nearly all the time) she was picking up her agents, whom she changed very frequently. In those days she used to receive in bed like the Kings of France, and was always called Madame la Comtesse. She carried her money about with her in a box of which she kept the key—expecting that everybody intended to rob her. As a star, she drew very well for a night or two, and then the houses fell off.

In the year 1853 Lola went to California. Going up on the Pacific side she met a Irishman named Hull, editor of the San Francisco *Whig*, and took a great fancy to him. He afterwards fell sick and Lola nursed him. When he recovered they were married with a great deal of pomp and ceremony in the Roman Catholic cathedral. Lola and Hull lived together three months or so, then separated, and he died soon afterwards. In the theatrical way she made considerable money, especially in the mining towns. From San Francisco she went to Australia, taking with her a presentable young man named Follet. He drowned himself in the harbor of Melbourne—a circumstance which seemed to have affected Lola very deeply, as it ended her career as an *extravagante*.

plea in favor of the immortality of the soul, in which she based her arguments—not upon the Bible or Paley—but on the views of Apuleius, with whose philosophical romance, the “Golden Ass,” she displayed great familiarity. It has been said, by the way, that Lola Montez was superficial and fond of pronouncing her knowledge of books. Of one thing we are certain. Many a writer and many a scholar would be proud to have such a general knowledge of many books, and such a thorough acquaintance with some as she could boast. The matter was easy enough. She was very fond of reading, had for many years the means to buy any books, and knew the leading languages of Europe. She was irregular, unscientific and vain in her erudition, but it was still remarkable.

In the summer of 1860 an attack of paralysis laid her up for some time. She was removed by kind friends to Astoria, where she partially recovered, and in October returned to the city. “On Christmas day she walked out, took cold and was seized with the malady of which she died.” In her last days she was most generously and tenderly cared for by a warm-hearted Scotch lady, who had known her when a girl at school. She died in the Episcopal faith.

It is not true that Lola Montez “quarrelled with everybody.” She had warm friends of many years’ standing, with whom she never quarrelled. She was generous to a fault, and as excitable to pity and kindly sympathies as to anger. Her nature was a stream which ran brilliantly until the depths were stirred.

It is thought that the crown of United Germany would have been offered, in 1848, to Louis of Bavaria, had it not been for his intimacy with Lola and subsequent abdication. Certain it is, that the fiery spirit of the little adventuress made, indirectly, a very decided mark, not only on Bavarian but on European politics.

It is said that “Becky Sharp” is a picture of Lola Montez. We can only reply that the picture is a libel. Becky Sharp, painted by *malice propense*—Lola simply erred from a fiery and ungovernable temper. Few women living were so incapable of anything like a deliberately evil action or of calmly injuring another. For one of her early education and irregular life, she was, in most respects inconceivably superior to what most would have been under the same influences, and under her natural impulses always manifested a truly noble heart. The epigram of Heine, supposed to be addressed by King Louis as a note to the King of Prussia, was piquantly true. “High-born Hohenzoller, growl not at your cousin Wittelsbach. Be not angry on account of Lola Montez; no one rejoicing in her possession could ever do such a thing.” When she first heard this squib, Lola laughed heartily, and observed to the writer that “that was Louis’s particeps, exactly.”

* “Zurück nicht ob Lola Montez, Selber habend Niemand kennt es.”



MISS ISABELLA HUNKLEY, PRIMA DONNA AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.—PHOT. BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 173.

"MY VILLAGE HOME."

A Song—By Park Benjamin.

SWEET village home! I love thee well,
I love thy woods and flowers,
The vine-clad cot, the grassy dell,
Fit haunts for summer hours;
I love the wild and merry song
Of brooklets as they foam;
I love thee as I've loved thee long,
My happy village home.

Sweet village home! in other climes,
In halls of power and pride,
For thee and for thy quiet times,
In lonely thought I've sighed;
Not all the mirth and revelry
In pleasure's loftiest dome
Could win my constant heart from thee,
My happy village home.

Sweet village home! that day will bring
No solace unto me,
When I must fly on restless wing
Far, far away from thee,
If she whose beauty makes thee fair
Will not consent to roam
From thy green fields and rosy air,
My happy village home!

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass,"
&c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

But oh! heavy change,
What notices come now? Distracted scenes
Of helpless sorrow, solemn, sad accounts.
David, Lord Viscount Stormont.

LORD KINGSWOOD'S wild flight into the Park, and thence into the Chase, in search not only of his son, but of Erle, was made alone.

His perturbed and disordered manner excited but little surprise in the state of confusion into which the household had been precipitated, and his furious calls for some of his people to arm and follow him were misinterpreted, perhaps wilfully by several, and only imperfectly obeyed by a few.

As he hurried through the hall, his eye caught sight of a gun which had been placed in a corner a few minutes previously by the gamekeeper. It was loaded, and the nipples were capped. He seized it, and laying it in the hollow of his arm, rushed out into the Park.

A hasty survey showed him that it was deserted, and he pressed on to the Chase.

Not at random, not wildly over glades, in brakes, coppices, or coverts, but in one direction. He looked neither right nor left, but pressed onward as though bound for some particular spot, where he felt that he should find Cyril—a spot wherein he equally felt that he ought not to find him—a spot in which he wished not for worlds to discover him.

Yet it was in that spot where he met with him.

Standing in front of the old hunting-tower, gazing sadly up at its desolate exterior, stood, in a thoughtful, mournful attitude, his son Cyril. He heard not his father's hurried tread; he saw not his advancing form; he beheld only the place in which the sweet and innocent Violet had dwelt, the window from whence her young, pure, lovely face had gazed in adoration and devotion up to the blue, unclouded skies, or the fresh, blooming trees, and blossoming buds beneath.

He started as he felt his father's hand upon his shoulder. He turned pale as he heard his ghostly, frenzied whisper in his ear. He turned whiter still when he beheld the expression of his face.

"What do you here, Cyril, in this place? What do you here at the place of doom for the House of Kingswood? Come hence, boy, come hence, it is an unhallowed, unholy spot, fatal to all who bear our name. Come, come, come!"

Cyril, aroused from his sad reverie, listened to his father's words with an expression of wonder upon his face. He looked at his father's quivering features—he looked up at the old hunting-lodge, which seemed to frown down upon the earth, to which it appeared to descend a crumbling ruin.

He did not move, but in sharp and earnest tones, he said, as he pointed to the building,

"Tell me, my lord, what share can that old building have in the fortunes, or, as you express it, the doom of our house?"

"Alas!" cried his father, in the same excited manner. "It is well that you have not had occasion already to know why that accursed pile influences the destinies of our race. It shall henceforth be my care that you do not by experience obtain the bitter knowledge, for let me here forewarn you, Cyril."

He caught him by the wrist, and pointed to a window at which Cyril had been gazing—a window he had often watched from a leafy thicket at hand, because it was Violet's chamber window. It was there he had seen her sweet face peer wistfully, at times with a thoughtful, happy expression, at others with a solicitude, earnest aspect, as if she were breathlessly listening for the closely-imitated cry of a bird with which he brought her to his side.

Cyril saw with surprise that his father drew his attention to it.

"Behold!" his father exclaimed, "that window now closed upon a room which appears silent and deserted, it has at certain times revealed a face as fair and seraph-like as woman's can be on earth. To a Kingswood alone is that face first revealed. To a Kingswood alone is the love of the weird creature given. A Kingswood alone can win her, but the Kingswood who wears the prize perishes miserably. This has been for hundreds of years, it has been as yesterday, it may be to-day again, or to-morrow. I seek not to explain the mystery, I do not attempt to measure it by the intelligence of this age, which laughs to scorn the improbable. I am not affected by superstitious fancies, nor am I saddened by the traditionary lore poured into my ears by members of the household. I know, without attempting to account for it, without daring to ridicule it, that a strange, inexpressibly lovely creature, of what creation Almighty Heaven alone can tell, appears to a Kingswood first at that chamber-window, or it may be somewhere in a covert, a nook, or recess, in the immediate vicinity of this building. Her unearthly fascination, exquisite and of a kind seemingly too spirit-like to dwell on earth, enchants, overpowers, subdues him. Woe! woe to him if he sinks beneath her charms spell-bound! he is lost! lost! lost!"

"You bewilder, confuse, torture me," cried Cyril, in an agony of excitement. "You appear to be speaking of phantoms, mockeries. How can mental delusions of such kinds and such forms have any earthly power over human beings such as you and I? If unreal, how can such phantoms affect the house of Kingswood?"

"This is no phantom, but a reality," cried Lord Kingswood, with agitation. "A tremendous reality. The creature, so fair, so transcendently lovely, is a thing of earth, a creature of flesh and blood, formed in a mould of surpassing loveliness. She cometh here, she knows not how—not by her own will or dispositions, but by circumstances created for her."

"But who is she?—she has a name, she has a lineage!" cried Cyril, half-choked by emotion, for he expected the name of Violet to be shrieked from his father's lips. "Tell me: at least there must be some ruling power that brings her hither—some living human being to whom, by human ties, she must be connected? Who is she?"

"What she is, and ever has been, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase!" replied his father, in thrilling tones.

Cyril bowed his head, and clasped his hands, and uttered a groan. Lord Kingswood did not observe it, but said, urgently,

"Come, let us hence. We will away from Kingswood for a time. We will mix in the gay world, forget this desolate place and its traditions, and so falsify its terrible prediction, so far as you are concerned, Cyril, my son, at least."

"One moment, my lord," exclaimed Cyril, agitatedly. "Pray tell me, have you ever seen—the young, fair, beautiful denizen of the hunting-lodge, of whom you have now spoke?"

A fearful spasm passed over the features of Lord Kingswood as his son's question darted like flashes of withering fire through his ears to his brain.

He pointed to the window, and hoarsely said,

"Twenty years ago, at that window, I saw—I saw—"

The words appeared to choke him, he pressed his hand over his eyes, and hurried away a dozen steps, and groaned audibly.

Cyril followed him, and laid his hand gently upon his shoulder, and said, in a tender voice,

"My lord, this emotion—"

His father flung down his hand, and turned his whole face to him. "Hush!" he exclaimed, "not a word. You, at least, have escaped the scathing visitation, and, if the story can be told and received by you as a curious legend, some day I will tell it to you, with more of the traditions of our house than you now know, more than you dream of hearing, yet not more than it is your lot, in common with that of our race, to have possession of, with all the responsibilities it entails. Come, this place is dark, unwholesome and vaporous; let us go."

A wild, rude, boisterous laugh startled both; they turned to ascertain from whence it came, and beheld Tubal Kish, who seemed to have risen out of the ground, standing near to the door of the hunting-lodge, leaning upon the limb of a sapling, which seemed to have been wrenched from its stem by his brawny arms.

"Father and son," he cried. "Wolf and cub; the eagle and eaglet; the mower and the gleaner. Ay, but the lamb's in another fold, the dove has flown, the nest is empty, the flower is transplanted to another soil."

"What wretch is this?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, shifting his gun ready to place it to his shoulder.

"This fellow is the ruffian Tubal Kish," replied Cyril, who, armed like his father, with a gun, at once placed it in a position for instant use.

"The same villain who committed an outrage upon you, and has all but slain Philip Avon?" cried his father.

"The same," exclaimed Cyril.

"The wretch shall smart for this," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, and pointing down the glade, he said to Tubal Kish,

"Fellow, you are my prisoner; proceed down yonder glade towards Kingswood Hall; my people are out, and will shortly join us to take you into custody, and let me warn you to go quietly, for you have given me cause to put a bullet through your brain, and I shall not hesitate, if you attempt resistance, to shoot you. You perceive we are both armed, therefore go on peacefully."

"I perceive, my Lord o' Kingswood, that you've summat more to think about than a poor, rough fellow like I be," returned Tubal Kish, in a significant tone. "An' you tell lies about I, you do—"

Lord Kingswood clapped his gun to his shoulder, and fiercely exclaimed,

"Ruffian! such another insult, and I'll shoot you down like a dog!"

"Fair dues," answered Tubal Kish, coolly. "Hear me first, my lord, and shoot afterwards. I've summat particular to tell you, summat you must hear, and won't like when you do hear. It's about me, an' about he, an' about you, an' about her!"

He pointed to the hunting-lodge as he spoke.

Lord Kingswood dropped his gun, and a deadly pallor overspread his features.

"Go on!" he exclaimed, in a low, husky voice.

"About me, then," rejoined Tubal Kish. "I gi' young squire there a blow on forehead, but not afore he broke gunstock about my skull; he knows what vor. As to Philip Avon, I never touched he—no matter what I may do in time to come—nay, it wasn't I as stabbed him and shot him, it was t'other dark-eyed young squire as have been staying at Castle; he as shot me too, for which I be in his debt, and will pay 'un what I owe 'un some day, an' interest w' it. You know, young squire, what he shot I vor."

"What's all this rambling," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, angrily, "some subterfuge, some trick to escape?"

"Nay; you can't shoot as fast as I can fly," returned Tubal Kish. "Now for young squire. What did he break his gunstock about my skull for? Because he wanted to pluck the wood Violet, an' I held 'un while she was taken away. What did t'other dark young squire shoot I vor? Because I wanted to save her, poor, pretty, innocent thing, from clutches o' young squire here."

"She! Her! Fellow," cried Lord Kingswood, with indignant wrath; "who did you dare to say my son attempted to carry off?"

"The Wonder of Kingswood Chase!" shouted, rather than exclaimed, Tubal Kish.

Lord Kingswood staggered back as if he would fall to the ground in a fit.

"Ha, my Lord of Kingswood, that piece of news is summat for you," derisively exclaimed Tubal Kish. "Your son has seen her at window, in glade, by streamside, in the shady coppice, in the dawning, in the noontide and the sunset, but never yet in the moonbeams! That time is to come—ay, mark me, to come, Lord o' Kingswood, for I tell you I've seen, with these eyes o' mine,

The spectre of the race,
The maiden of the Chase,
Within the forest stand,
Side by side, hand in hand."

Ay, I tell you I have in the moonbeams, too. The dawning is nigh! Lord o' Kingswood, think of that. You know what comes before it. That's for you!"

With these words he, with an extraordinary agility, darted behind the hunting-lodge and disappeared.

Lord Kingswood stood motionless as a statue, and Cyril near to him seemed scarcely less imbued with life.

Neither made the slightest attempt to arrest the flight of Tubal Kish. If they had it would have been in vain; as it was, he was far out of reach ere Lord Kingswood moved.

When he did, he started as if out of some terrible reverie, and he seized Cyril by the hand, which he gripped with painful vigor.

"Speak to me, Cyril, my son, one word. This fellow has lied, spitefully, wickedly, wantonly lied."

Before Cyril even attempted a reply, a brace of baying hounds came crashing and leaping into the glade, and they were immediately followed by the gamekeeper and some of the servants, who at once crowded round Lord Kingswood and his son, and made inquiries whether they were unhurt, and whether they had fallen in with the ruffian Tubal Kish, besides a dozen other questions, which Lord Kingswood did not deign to answer.

He bade them lead on to Kingswood Hall, and, leaning upon his son's arm, prepared to follow them.

As they hurried forward he turned to Cyril, and looked in his face with unutterable anxiety.

"One word, Cyril," he ejaculated.

Cyril cast his sad eyes upon the green turf at his feet, and remained silent.

Lord Kingswood uttered a groan of anguish, and spoke not another word.

In this way they reached the Hall. Lord Kingswood retired to his now lonely and gloomy study, without exchanging a word with his son, and the latter in silence to his own solitary apartments, each a prey to moody and turbulent thoughts.

Kingswood Hall for some days remained still and solemnly dreary, like a house plunged into deep mourning.

Within one of its chambers lay Philip Avon, unconscious, motionless, his veins almost emptied of their blood, and he oscillating between life and death.

Cyril Kingswood confined himself to his own rooms, fearful to encounter his father, in expectation of having some promise inimical to his future happiness extorted from him, yet yearning to obtain more complete details of the wild and seemingly impossible story he had heard.

At times he would resolve to descend to the old library, and there search among the records and the traditions of the house of Kingswood for some confirmation of the marvellous revelation imparted to him by his father. Anon he would scold the whole disclosure as a preposterous fiction, even though he could not but acknowledge that there was a singular mystery connected with the young and

lovely, artless girl, reared in the most secluded and wildest recesses of a forest, something indeed strange and supernatural in her very existence in such a lonely, solitary home.

Yet she was a living, loving creature, of a warm, fond, affectionate nature, full of life, animation, and innocent freedom, pure in spirit, guileless in heart, all that was entrancingly attractive, and yet without one wile to throw the shadow of a doubt upon her perfect and immaculate innocence.

What to him were the circumstances which placed her there? What to him that weak and wandering brains nicknamed her the Wonder of the Chase? What to him that she was a forest child, reared in a leafy home? She was pure and beautiful; what more did he need her who had won his heart, who held his very existence in her gentle keeping, to bring to him as the gifts which should accompany the placing her hand, with her heart in it, in his, to commence their walk together through the devious paths of life?

What to him were the proud towers of Kingswood Hall, its grounds, its parks, its wooded forests and cultivated domains if their possession cut him off from her and from happiness?

No; she might be a humble child of nature, she might even come under the ban of that weird extraction of which his father had spoken. She might be—he cared not what, he loved her, he knew that he was beloved by her. She had been torn from him, and he determined to devote himself to the discovery of her, and if he found her, to employ all the persuasive eloquence of which he was the master—all the passionate pleadings of an intense love—all the powerful influence, the love he had planted in her sinless heart, to induce her to throw, like himself, the counsels as well as the commands of those nearest and dearest to the winds, to become his wife, and then fly together to some secluded place where they could live in calm, unalloyed happiness, undisturbed in the enjoyment of the deep, unworldly affection which they mutually entertained.

In such romantic dreams as these he was not at this very time alone.

Poor Lady Maud, too, kept her chamber in tribulation. The insinuations of Pharisee respecting Erle almost maddened her. Not for a single moment did she credit them—not for the fraction of an instant did she believe that he had been guilty of the crimes imputed to him.

How had he saved her? At the direct and imminent risk of his life. He had in some such manner saved Cyril from the attacks of a ruffian, though his magnanimous spirit had prevented his making a parade of it. It was true Cyril had made no mention of the obligation he was under to Erle, but, with a woman's quickness of perception, she saw that he had a motive in remaining silent. She knew her cousin Cyril too well not to perceive this, and that Erle was the sufferer thereby.

Then her own heart told her that if Philip Avon had fallen by the hand of Erle that he had received his wounds in a duel fairly and honorably conducted on the part of the latter. She, even though she knew that her hand had been destined by Lord Kingswood for the wounded man, felt unconsciously a secret satisfaction that Erle—if, indeed, they had met in mortal encounter—had triumphed.

Oh, was he not brave and skilful in all those manly accomplishments which commend themselves so highly to woman's timid nature? Did she not see that to stand in his shadow was to command protection from insult or from injury. Did she not, as with glowing cheeks she thought of his fearless daring, feel as the climbing delicate plant, twining round the strong frame of the forest tree, raised by it into safety, and sustained in a happier atmosphere than alone it could enjoy? Did she not feel, too, like Cyril, that she could forego proud palaces and high places, princely domains and courtly rank, that she might link her fate to that of Erle.

Alas, alas, it was not to be, and she wept and wrung her hands in bitter anguish as she felt the bitter conviction steal over her, and her utter helplessness to avert the misery the union with Philip Avon would insure her.

Not less disturbed, distracted, was Lady Kingswood. The poisonous words of Pharisee had eaten like vitriol-drops into her heart. Her jealous nature, her natural selfishness, and hence her inordinate pride, were not merely pierced, but slashed by the idea that Lord Kingswood had been false to her. To her! Judging his nature exclusively by her own, she could see no more tremendous revenge than retaliation. She by this believed that she should hurl him into the depths of a pit of consuming fire, which would not cease its excruciating tortures until it had reduced his heart, as his happiness, to ashes. She intended, the instant her horrible suspicions were confirmed, first by hints, and then by acts, to drive him into the wildest delirium of despair. It did not occur to her, by pursuing such a course, how deep would be her own humiliation. She saw not that, by heaping disgrace upon her husband, upon her son, upon every member of her own family, she scorched, blackened, destroyed her own fame beyond all human redemption. She perceived not that she herself would become a finger-point, an object of scorn and contumely; that in dragging her husband down to shame and despair she would cause herself to be hurled out of society with obloquy, with merciless taunts, scoffs, and bitter reprobation.

She sat alone in her own boudoir, and brooded over her position, brooded only to conjure up terrible phantasies, and to determine upon a fearful revenge.

No one of those thus described were plunged into more deep, maddening despair than Lord Kingswood. The flight of Erle, the tacit acknowledgment by Cyril that he had not escaped the doom which yet clung to the members of the race, filled his brain with distracting conceptions. He feared the hourly coming of Ishmael with all its attendant horrors, and that fear absorbed all others. In his wildest moment of frenzy he had to undergo a meeting with Sir Walter Avon, who had just come from an interview with his son. The latter, scarcely able to speak, had made certain communications to Sir Walter, which resulted in the announcement to Lord Kingswood, by Sir Walter Avon, that the only way to bridge over a deadly feud between the two families was to promise formally and positively the promise required. It squared with his own wishes, and he therefore the more readily acceded to it. Armed with this, Sir Walter Avon returned to his son, who, within a day or two after receiving this welcome information, rallied sufficiently to be conveyed to his own home at Hawkesbury.

At this time, also, Lord Kingswood received a visit from Ebenezer Cotton, of Dursley Court, who waited upon him with a view of negotiating a marriage between Cyril Kingswood and his eldest daughter, upon whom he offered to settle Dursley Court, with an income of thirty thousand a year.

For reasons easily comprehended, Lord Kingswood jumped at this offer, although he appeared only to entertain it favorably, and put off the consideration of it for a short time; to which Ebenezer Cotton, with his commercial penetration, perceiving that his offer was tacitly accepted, consented, leaving Lord Kingswood to name his time.

"Now," thought Lord Kingswood, hysterically, "there is but Ishmael. I will fight him if he comes to me in London; I will fling off the thralldom. After the assault on Philip Avon, the cub he fastened on me will not dare show his face. I will deny everything, laugh to scorn his proofs, employ the most subtle lawyers, and suborn a score of hard-swearing witnesses. I will triumph yet. London, London must be, shall be, my field of action."

Within ten days from that time Lord Kingswood and his family were located in their town residence in Belgravia.

CHAPTER XXV.

He laid on his head a hand like lead,
As heavy, pale and cold—
"Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,
If thy heart be firm and bold."

"But if faint thy heart, and call'st fear
Thy recent sneers know,
The mountain erne thy heart shall tear,
Thy nerves the hooded crow."—Scott.

It was with a strange mixture of a chafing, haughty pride, a sense of bitter mortification, humiliation and a vague impression of default that Erle Gower beheld Ishmael Malpas standing in the doorway of his apartment, and saw him subsequently close the door and turn the key upon it.

He felt like one who, having escaped from a tyrannous and oppressive bondage, finds himself, under circumstances the most unexpected, again within the toils from which he imagined himself to be fleeing.

He stood motionless, but he threw his head proudly up, and his eyes glittered fiercely and brightly. Impatient of control, impetuous by nature, he viewed with an impulse of resentment the act of Ishmael as he locked the door.

A spirit of antagonism took possession of him, and instead of greeting with a friendly recognition or a kindly welcome the only living being he knew to be his benefactor, he regarded him with a look of imperious defiance, and a carriage which implied open rebellion to his authority.

Ishmael, when he turned to face him, perceived this, and a shade of pain rather than displeasure crossed his pale and sorrowful countenance.

Erie had disregarded his gesture to him to be seated, and now, when Ishmael requested him to do so in a quiet but decisive tone, he complied rather as one who accorded a favor than obeyed a command.

Ishmael's lip curled for a moment at this display of temper, but, as his large, melancholy eyes settled on Erie's features, and traced them one by one, slowly but earnestly, every feeling of anger or vexation seemed to fade away, and left behind only an expression of grave dejection.

Presently Ishmael flung himself into a chair opposite to the youth, and said, in his usual clear, deep tones,

"My mission, hitherto, was wholly connected with you. I confess I did not expect to see you here, but I anticipated that I should find a communication from you waiting me."

For a moment Erie looked abashed and confused.

"I apologise for my neglect," he exclaimed hastily. "I feel that I ought—"

"Nay," interposed Ishmael, with a slight severity of manner, "I did not expect from you a merely formal report of the state of your health or a light and frivolous record of your pastimes, but I did expect to have found here a communication written by you with a flushed brow, and a hand that grasped, not held, the pen."

Erie fastened upon him a searching look.

"Wherefore should you have expected from me a letter written under feelings of excitement?" he asked, slowly, watching for any change Ishmael's features might betray.

Ishmael's lip curled.

"Do you remember how you were introduced to Kingswood, and by whom?" he inquired, sarcastically. "Have you forgotten that you entered that palatial residence an unbidden guest, an unlooked-for spectre? Has my Lord of Kingswood departed so much from his pride, so much from his nature, as to lay his aristocratic hand gently on your shoulder, smile kindly in your eyes, and to pour affectionate words of welcome and joy in your ears?"

Erie slowly turned his face from the glance of Ishmael's piercing eyes.

"Go to!" continued he, almost hastily. "Why, what were you?"

A thunderbolt which had riven his roof-tree asunder—a black cloud flinging suddenly a blighting shadow on his sunny path—a skeleton in his secret chamber, which some officious hand might suddenly lay bare to the world. Did he, with this knowledge beating in his brain like the reverberation of a doom-bell, lavish careless attentions upon you? did he, with flourishing introductory encomium, present you to Lady Kingswood or to his son? Did he give you the place of honor at his table, and pay you distinguished attention in the presence of his guests?—you turn away. His lordship did not do this, and yet you wonder that I should have looked for a few lines addressed to me and written by you in language of excitement and indignation. I gave you credit for not tamely submitting to petty insults; to unworthy slights, to contumely, or cold and insolent scorn; but I gave you credit also for courage to face such conduct with an unyielding front, to fling back the unmerited scorn or neglect to which you might have been subjected, to insist upon the treatment due to a gentleman, and to maintain the ground firmly and immovably because, as I had told you, that you had the rights of another to assert and sustain, and that to do this was a duty from which you could neither shrink nor escape. I knew that my Lord of Kingswood, powerful as he is, durst not thrust you forth. I, therefore, expected to find here your communication—not you. Why have you weakly fled from the sphere in which you must revolve or become a thing of scorn, a creature without name, without honor, without shame?"

The face and forehead of Erie crimsoned, and his eyes flashed fire. He sprang up from his seat.

"Why must I become an object so infamous, if, having refused to remain longer beneath the roof of Lord Kingswood, I peremptorily decline to return to it?" he cried, with impressive energy. "Answer me that at least. If I am to act, I will know upon what grounds I am acting. If I have a duty to perform and a right to sustain, I will know what that duty comprehends—what those rights embrace—ere I act as their champion."

"I am not answered," returned Ishmael, coldly. "Why have you left Kingswood Hall?"

"Nor am I answered," returned Erie, impetuously. "By what right do you assume a control over my actions? What are the influences which induce you to urge upon me a task which, in its obscurity, is to me repugnant and hateful? I was never born to be a cipher or a tool; I have not hitherto been such. Knowingly, I will not begin now."

Ishmael regarded him with a look more of sorrow than of anger. "Nor cipher nor tool would I make you," he returned, in a subdued but earnest voice. "I have done too much, sacrificed too much, to permit you to be a waif on life's stream. You see what I am, you may surmise what I might have been, when I tell you that Lord Kingswood exalts me in position, inasmuch that he is the inheritor of a title, and I was born what the world, in its definitions of rank in society—not in worth or honor—styles a commoner. But my family descent is as ancient as his own, and unlike his, unstained by taint or brand of any kind. My wealth was yet greater than his when we were youths together, it has multiplied since then, and my rent-roll exceeds his by a considerable amount. Yet I flung aside all that wealth and family descent could offer me in the way of pleasure and life enjoyment; I leaped out of the circle of gratifications which, though not giving happiness, relieve the mind from care, and make the burden of existence lighter and easier to bear; I surrendered all the sunshine and the joyous excitement which wealth can enrich life with for you—"

"For me!" echoed Erie, with surprise.

"For you—and for the sake of her who—who bore you!" exclaimed Ishmael, with emotion.

"My mother!" cried Erie, with a quivering lip and an excited aspect.

"Even her," answered Ishmael. "I, sir, have made sacrifices which most men, however deep their wrongs, would have shrunk back from. I have lived an isolated, outcast being. I have been a wanderer in by-ways and unfrequented places. I have not for years placed my foot in the hall of my fathers. Wherever gaiety and pleasure reigned, there I avoided; where melancholy seclusion, surrounded by all its inconveniences and deficiencies was to be found, I was a seeker and sojourner. I kept out of the world's ken because I would for a time, for a fixed and definite time, remain out of the vision, and, if possible, out of the memory of the Lord of Kingswood—remain out of it, so that when I did come back to it, I should come as an awful spirit presaging doom. I have come back to his eyes and to his memory as a pillar of fire. I have placed you with him that you might and should be a memory and a warning, a remembrance of his darkest deed of shame, and a herald of the day of retribution. For years I have sacrificed all the fairest portion of my life to win you a revenge and a triumph, and you, for a momentary pang, a trifling wound in your pride, have flung all my labors, patience and endurance to the winds."

"My mother!" exclaimed Erie, passionately, "what of her?"

Ishmael turned from him.

Erie placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"See," he exclaimed, "how unjust, how cruel you are. You have known a mother's love, a mother's solicitude, a mother's tenderness. No mother's loving eye has been med with affectionate care upon me, no smiling face has looked down joyously and gratefully on mine, no fond looks have greeted my coming or watched my departure, no dear pressure of the hand, or yet fonder pressure of the lips, have made me feel and appreciate the bliss of a mother's love. At least, your youth was sanctified by her frequent presence, her anxious guidance, her sweet tutelary ministrations, her fondlings and caressings. She hovered round you like a spirit of light, of grace, of joy—an immediate link between you and heaven. I have known none of this. My childhood was a blank—at best, an obscure mist peopled with cold faces. For me there were no blandishments, no caresses, no tender fondlings. The lax attendance of ill-paid servitude, the frigid admission of my existence when the harsh discipline of subsidised tuition commenced and proceeded, the unconcerned assignment of position I had won by unflagging application, comprehended all of love and tenderness I have known from others. Having possessed the supreme happiness of a mother's affection, having known the felicity her absorbing attachment has imparted, and having known her wont, you treat my yearning with indifferent

apathy. I have half distractedly envied the lot of the humblest peasant child, when I have seen it run with open arms to the smiling mother awaiting its coming to press it to her bosom with maternal love. I would forego all the honors, aye, and happiness, which fortune, in an insanely generous mood, might shower upon me, to clasp to my throbbing heart that mother I have never yet known! Oh, Ishmael, if you would have me bend to your will, if you would see me act as you would most fervently desire, tell me of my mother, who, where she is. If, alas! for me in heaven, I will bear it silently—speak to me but of her, and I will be a very slave to you."

He dashed the hot and blinding tears from his eyes as the last words left his lips faint and tremulous in tone.

It was not fancy which made him believe that the strong frame of Ishmael was shaking like an aspen. A strong spasm, indeed, struggled through it, and robbed him of the power of speaking for a time. But when he composed his features, and he turned his pale face to Erie; taking his hand, he pressed it warmly, and said, in a low, unsteady voice,

"Your boyhood has been, at best, a lonely, unsympathised condition. You cannot but have missed those tender and holy associations of home which so few properly estimate and prize until they have lost them for ever. I will tell you of your mother, Erie—but not now; nay, never turn away your head, you have intelligence and reason. You know there is a mystery surrounding your birth equally with your present position. I say that this mystery shall be cleared away, but for your sake—for the sake of that mother of whose existence you know nothing, but of whom you speak with such natural warmth—wait the fitting time for an ample history of the past. I entreat you to do this, because, were I now to reveal to you that which you so yearn to know, it would not aid the end I propose, which, before Heaven, I swear to be just and honorable, while it might do incalculable evil to you and utterly ruin your interests, and what would have, perhaps, yet greater weight with you, the establishment of those rights which justly and lawfully were your mother's, and of which she was most foully and cruelly deprived."

"Am I to understand," said Erie, with a kindling look, "that Lord Kingswood has deprived my mother of the rights of which you speak?"

Ishmael walked to the window and remained, with knitted brow, in deep abstraction for a minute. Then he returned, and said, emphatically,

"You are! At least, I may tell you that it is from him that you must demand justice for her. It is he who must make reparation for a deed which is as weakly described by the word injustice as a wicked and barbarous murder would be by the term homicide."

"But," inquired Erie, with eager curiosity, "what is the nature of those rights I am called upon to establish? What is the deed of which you speak? Let me but know this, and I shall require no prompting to comprehend either my line of duty or the degree of reparation I shall be called upon to exact."

"At present I can reveal no more than I have now communicated to you. You know that your mother was wronged by Lord Kingswood, and it is your duty to keep him within your sight, within your grasp. You are alone a perpetual monument of his evil doing. You—you must be ever in his eyes, that he may not only not escape from the impending retribution, but from the memory of his crime. Mark me, Erie, I do not ask you to act other than I may direct. I ask not you to raise your hand to strike a blow. Vengeance you must exact, but not with deeds of violence. It is an easy relief from punishment for crime to the malefactor when he is hanged. It is a fearful infliction of torture and suffering when that malefactor is confined to a solitary dungeon for life, with the memory of his crime for his only companion. There are not the days for a sudden blow with a steel weapon, or deliberate propulsion of a bullet on a fatal mission. No; you must move on before and with Lord Kingswood. He will alone and in silence, dread the moments of meeting with you; he will, in public, turn pale when you enter the hall, salon or assembly, wherever he may be, compelled by circumstances over which it shall be my care that he can have no control. Alone, he shall think of you; abroad, he shall meet you; sleeping, he shall dream of you; until, self-impelled, as the only end to his mental and heart-torture, he shall say to you—'Oh! I have sinned, and there is but one atonement, that will I make and proclaim it to the world, lifting the dark veil from one who, bright and pure as an angel when I met with her, I left in gloom, in anguish and in despair!'"

The face of Erie whitened until it seemed that he would faint. Then a heat-flush crimsoned neck, face and ears, until his large eyes stood filled with water.

"Ishmael," he exclaimed, in a half-suffocated tone, "I have heard too much or not enough. I will—"

Ishmael grasped him by the arm, and said, hoarsely, "I understand you; fear not. Not an angel that dwells in the fairest realms of Paradise was of more spotless purity than your mother. Injustice and barbarity deprived her of much; it never robbed her of that which is the brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood."

Erie's eyes swelled, his throat was dry and parched, and his temples throbbed to distraction. He fixed his flashing eyes upon Ishmael, and exclaimed, with an articulation forced by an agonised effort,

"My father—what of him? Who—?"

Again Ishmael gripped him by the wrist and interposed.

"He will reveal himself to you. On that day the shadow on the bright heart will be lifted, and sunshine gild the fair and gentle one doomed to pain and suffering, who, if the decrees of Heaven could be questioned, deserve an earthly life of peace, joy and happiness."

Erie wrenched his hand away, and sinking into a seat, bowed his head upon the table, overcome by powerful emotion. Ishmael watched him for a few minutes, discreetly letting his burst of grief have full sway, and when he perceived that it had expended itself, he bent over him, and, in a gentle voice, said,

"I was her truest and most faithful friend. I have been yours, I am now, I seek to prove it. Have faith in me; I scorn a mean or a base act as I despise a pitiful, paltry spirit of revenge. I will lift you to your position and I will do it proudly and with dignity. Trust in me. Your own noble instincts will raise you above selfish and unworthy considerations; those same instincts will print out to you quickly if I deviate from a just and upright path. When you find me moving in a false direction, you can at once absolve yourself from further allegiance to and reliance on me. Now relate to me what has happened at Kingswood Hall to compel you to quit it in haste and secrecy?"

Erie asked for a little consideration, which Ishmael at once granted to him; and after close and anxious reflection, he rose up and extended both hands to Ishmael, and said, in a rich, full tone of voice,

"My mother's truest friend, I will have faith in you."

Ishmael wrung his hands; there was a glittering gush of water to his eyes for a moment, but his constant habit of self-control enabled him to master it, and say, almost at once,

"You have decided wisely. Your confidence will not be misplaced—the future will prove it. Now to your history."

Erie, then, with some hesitation at first, but afterwards with energy and excitement, related all that had befallen him since Ishmael had left him at Kingswood Hall.

We err; not. He omitted from his narrative all mention of Lady Maud, save the recital of his exciting pursuit after her affrighted and her subsequent rescue. Further, he did not name his meeting with "The Wonder of Kingswood Chase," his encounter with Tuba Kish, when Cyril bore her away to a place of safety, or his subsequent meeting with her on the night before his duel with Philip Avon.

But he related every other circumstance with truth and fidelity. On the interviews with Lord and Lady Kingswood he touched but lightly, but he dwelt with much earnestness upon the events which attended his occupation of the apartments in the ancient portion of Kingswood Hall. He was thrilled and excited while recounting his strange, mystical dreams. Even as he related them to Ishmael they appeared vividly before him. He spoke of the portrait of the Lady Maud in his sleeping apartment, and the marble statue of her in the old library. He told of the wondrous delusions he had witnessed while alone with Lord Kingswood. He harped upon all these strange occurrences with more persistency and repetition than upon any other incident in which he had taken part. He repeated the doggerel lines which appeared to relate to himself, and especially did he dwell on the event which happened in the old picture-gallery, when Lady Kingswood, with agitated perturbation, pointed out to Lord Kingswood the resemblance which Erie bore to the ancient portrait of the bad Erie of Kingswood, together with the catastrophe which brought the portrait to the ground, and caused Lady Kingswood to faint and Lord Kingswood to utter to him a string of almost incoherent reproaches.

When he had exhausted this part of his narration, he related his duel with Philip Avon. He, however, passed it lightly over. He produced the letter which Philip Avon had sent to him, and acknowledged that his reply was to give the meeting required. He declared, with some little earnestness, that he had no intention of killing his challenger, even though he knew that he sought his own life. He had used his skill to wound him, and he believed that he had gone no farther. As, however, the event was one which was calculated to place him in the worst possible odor with Lord Kingswood, he admitted that previous to the duel he had decided to quit Kingswood Hall if successful in the meeting, or, if unsuccessful, to rest quietly beneath the waving turf in Kingswood Chase.

He added that, whatever might have been his future intentions, his appearance at Gray's Mount was purely accidental, and he mentioned his sojourn with his friend, Carlton Stanhope, and the cause of his abruptly quitting his roof.

Ishmael heard him in silence from the commencement to the finish of his story. Not a sign did he betray of wonder, anger or dissatisfaction. Not a gesture or look disclosed what he felt, but he sat calmly, coldly, rigidly, and heard him to the end.

Then he uprose, and paced the room for some time.

At last he paused, and facing Erie, he said,

"The great poet has wisely said, 'There is a divinity doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we will.' I have devised a line of action, the subject of years of thought, contemplation and construction. It is scattered to the winds by the inevitable course your destiny has impelled and will compel you to pursue. It is a marvel to me that I should wholly and utterly have overlooked the history of the House of Kingswood, have forgotten the doom that clings to it, and should have unconsciously played a part in its destinies and those events which tend to the removal of the ban which rests upon it. Yet now I see that I have, by a controlling power unknown and unconscious to myself, elicited mysterious signs that the object nearest and dearest to my heart will be accomplished. The truth of the only point which rested in doubt has been established, and nothing now remains but to proceed without deviation to the consummation of our hopes, the acknowledgments of her rights, a reparation, so far as it can be made, for her wrongs, and, finally, fix you in that high position which is fairly and honestly your own."

"You will at least communicate to me the course you expect—let me say wish me—henceforward to pursue?" said Erie, with some anxiety. "Hitherto I have been acting in the dark. I am desirous of knowing what is expected of me, and how far I can comply with your instructions."

"In good time you shall know," interrupted Ishmael. "Your future can only be an easy path. You have acted well so far. The disappointment, the bitter annoyance I first experienced on beholding you, has passed away. I am glad to find that you have had revelations. I am proud to know that you have proved yourself to possess a daring spirit, and I am gratified that you have taught the impetuous, fierce, arrogant son of Black Walter of Hawkesbury a lesson he will not easily forget."

"Or fail to seek to repay," replied Erie, with a curling lip.

"Let him," responded Ishmael. "You have crossed his path, he has told you. I know not how, I care not why, but I know that you will cross it again, and he will know that too. One thing I would refer to before I close this interview, it is of importance. Did you hear mentioned, while staying with your school friend, the Christian name of his father?"

"Harris," replied Erie, "Sir Harris Stanhope."

"Was he acquainted with Lord Kingswood?" asked Ishmael, quickly.

"I have told you already," replied Erie, "that Sir Harris is on the most intimate terms with Lord Kingswood, and possesses great influence with him."

"No doubt," ejaculated Ishmael, with bitter sarcasm. Then he muttered, in a tone of soliloquy, "It is he—the very man."

Turning to Erie, he said:

"You parted on friendly terms with Carlton Stanhope, your schoolfellow?"

"I left him a note," stammered Erie. "I acted with foolish impulsiveness, but the expected visit of Cyril Kingswood disordered me somewhat, and I inconsiderately quitted the house of my friend during his absence."

A faint smile curled the lip of Ishmael.

"It is as well as it is," he observed. "It is my wish that you should excite attention, even wonder by your movements. I would not have you like the common herd. You shall come and go like a lightning-gleam—seen before expected—gone ere its presence, with a cry of surprise, is acknowledged. Mark me, Erie, I would have you cultivate the friendship of this Carlton Stanhope, but especially that of the father. To show you how Heaven speaks in what are called coincidences, that man, Sir Harris Stanhope, is intimately connected with your destiny. You must woo his friendship and obtain his confidence. Why, you shall know when the knowledge will be indeed worth the possession. You will accompany me hence, and now I will arrange your matters with Pengreep myself. Come. Once more I remove you from the place of your sojourning, but this time to instal you in a home wherein you will not meet with the insults and slights dealt to you at Kingswood Hall, but where you will go through that probation which shall teach you to solve the Wonder of Kingswood Chase, and step thence into the halls of Kingswood with a might and power and a right with which Lord Kingswood cannot interfere nor any other authority question."

With these words he unlocked the door and descended the stairs. Erie followed him, and found at the foot of the old Pengreep, and the apparently older Miss Virgo, waiting with cringing aspect, to pay their respects.

At the curbside stood a carriage of the handsomest description, superbly ornamented. A rich mulberry hammer-loth was adorned with armorial bearings, and a pair of tall bright bays were harnessed to the equipage, whose trappings were exceedingly rich in their ornamentation. Both coachman and the six foot footman wore powdered wigs, and were most aristocratic in their appearance, especially so in the estimation of a swarm of dirty children who looked on the grand vehicle and its surroundings in ineffable wonder and an ecstasy of delight.

Into this carriage Erie was handed, and Ishmael quickly followed him, uttering a word that went at once to Erie's heart.

That word was—

"Home!"

(To be continued.)

NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

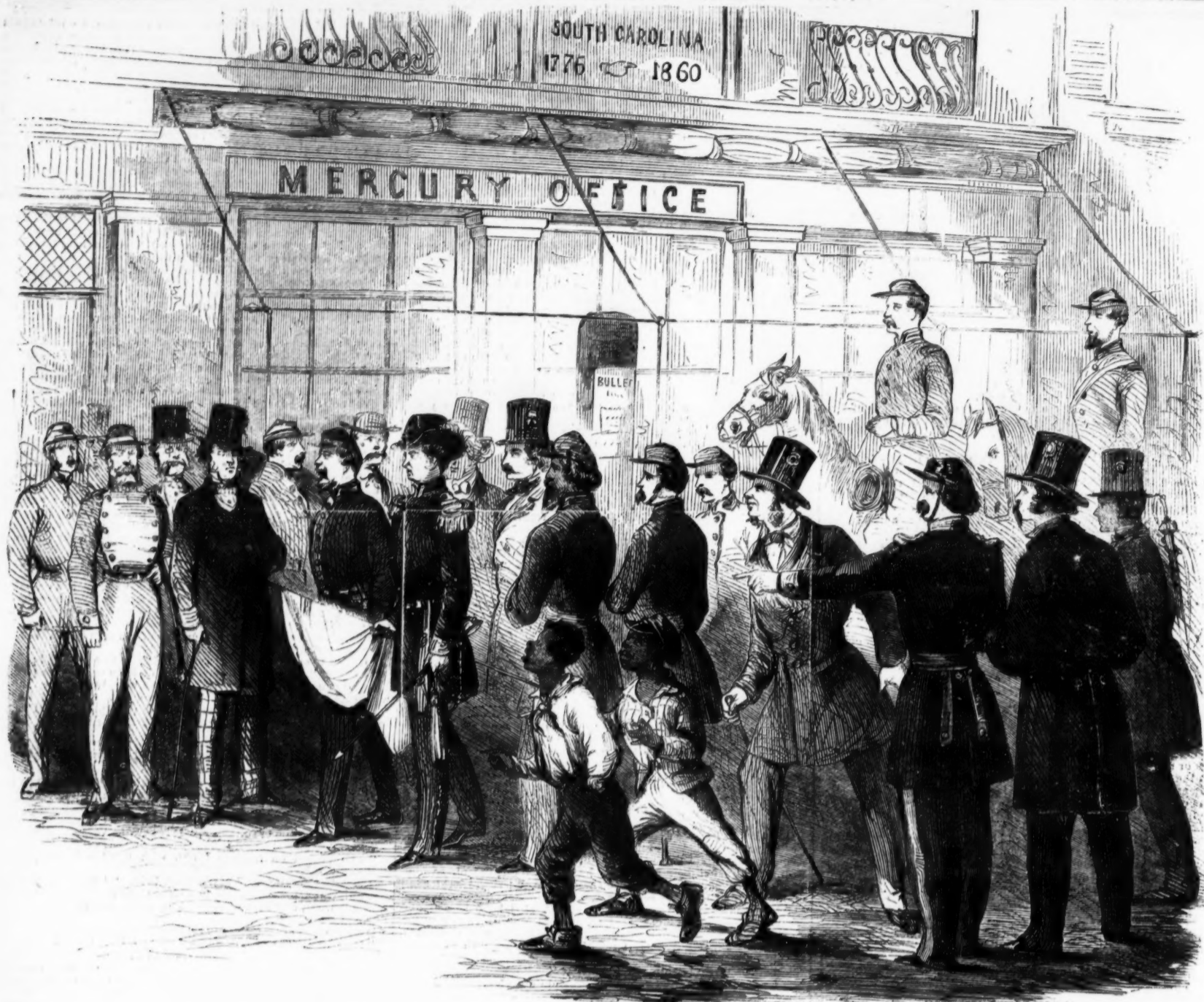
A Leaf from the Note-Book of Laurie Todd.

Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

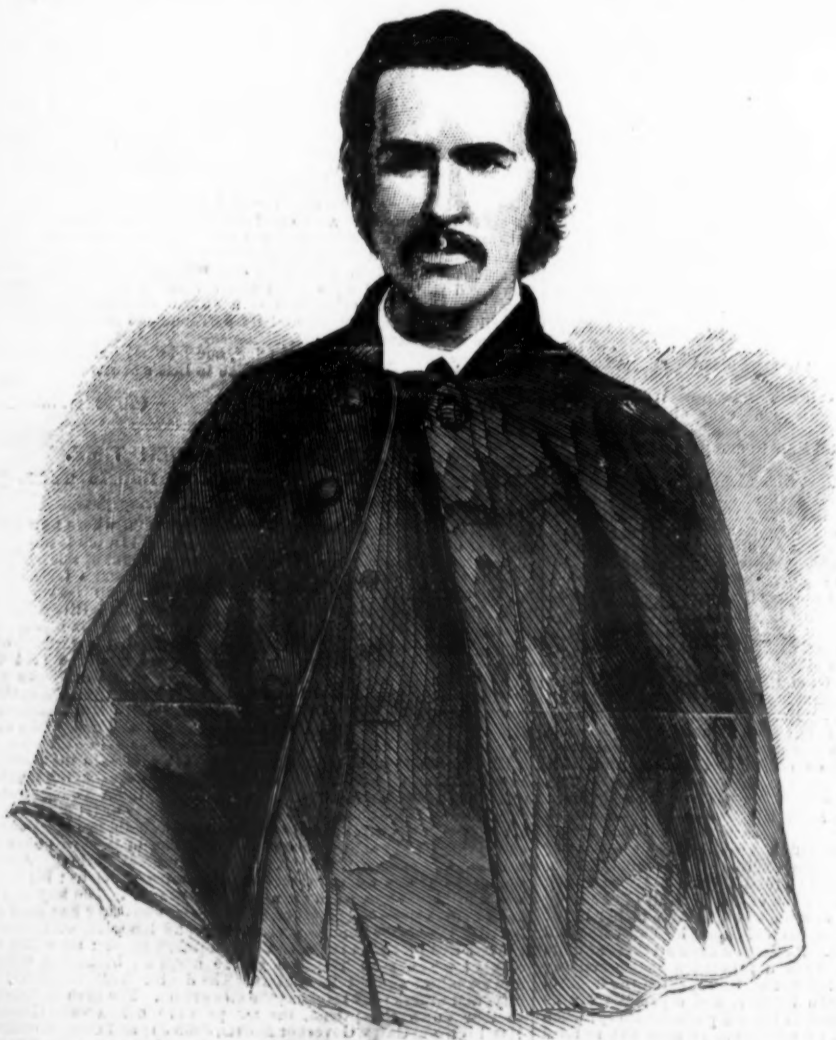
In 1794, on the corner of Nassau and Pine streets, where now rears the rear of the Custom House, there stood an old Dutch farmhouse, the gable end fronting on Pine street. The occupant of this building was in his ninety-sixth year. He told me his father's farm stood there, running down Pine street to the East River, up Nassau street to Maiden lane, and down Maiden lane to the East River. From Broadway to the Hudson River were trees, grass and fox-holes. He remembered the Negro Plot, and Captain Kyd, the pirate, who always kept his rendezvous at Gardenier's Island. In 1794 the Oswego market stood on the south corner of Maiden lane and Broadway, the foot of the market reaching near Green street and the head on the pavement in Broadway. Here Mrs. Jerolman displayed the first table for selling hot coffee and doughnuts ever seen in New York, and here the Bergen wench sold cabbage.

My old friend on the corner of Pine street witnessed the Doctors' Mob in 1787. One morning a number of boys were playing marbles under the front windows of the City Hospital. A young student entered the dissecting-room before the professor or fellow-students arrived. On the table lay the corpse of a woman, the arms out off and lying by her side. The student held one of the arms over the window, and sung out, "Boys, here's your mother's arm!" Among the boys was one whose mother died the week previous; his father was a bricklayer, at work on a building near by. The boy and his companions went to his father, and told him what they had seen and heard. The whole company of masons and laborers, with spades, shovels and pickaxes repaired to the mother's grave; the coffin was empty! The mob returned to the hospital, breathing threats and slaughter against the doctors. The doctors fled. Some left the city, and others took refuge in the city prison. The mob threatened to tear down the prison, the troops were called out, Generals Hamilton and Gates, Governor Morris, John Jay and other prominent citizens addressed the mob; stones were thrown; John Jay was struck on the head with a stone, which confined him to the house for a month. Finally, after three days and three nights, the uproar ceased.

New Haven, January 2, 1861.



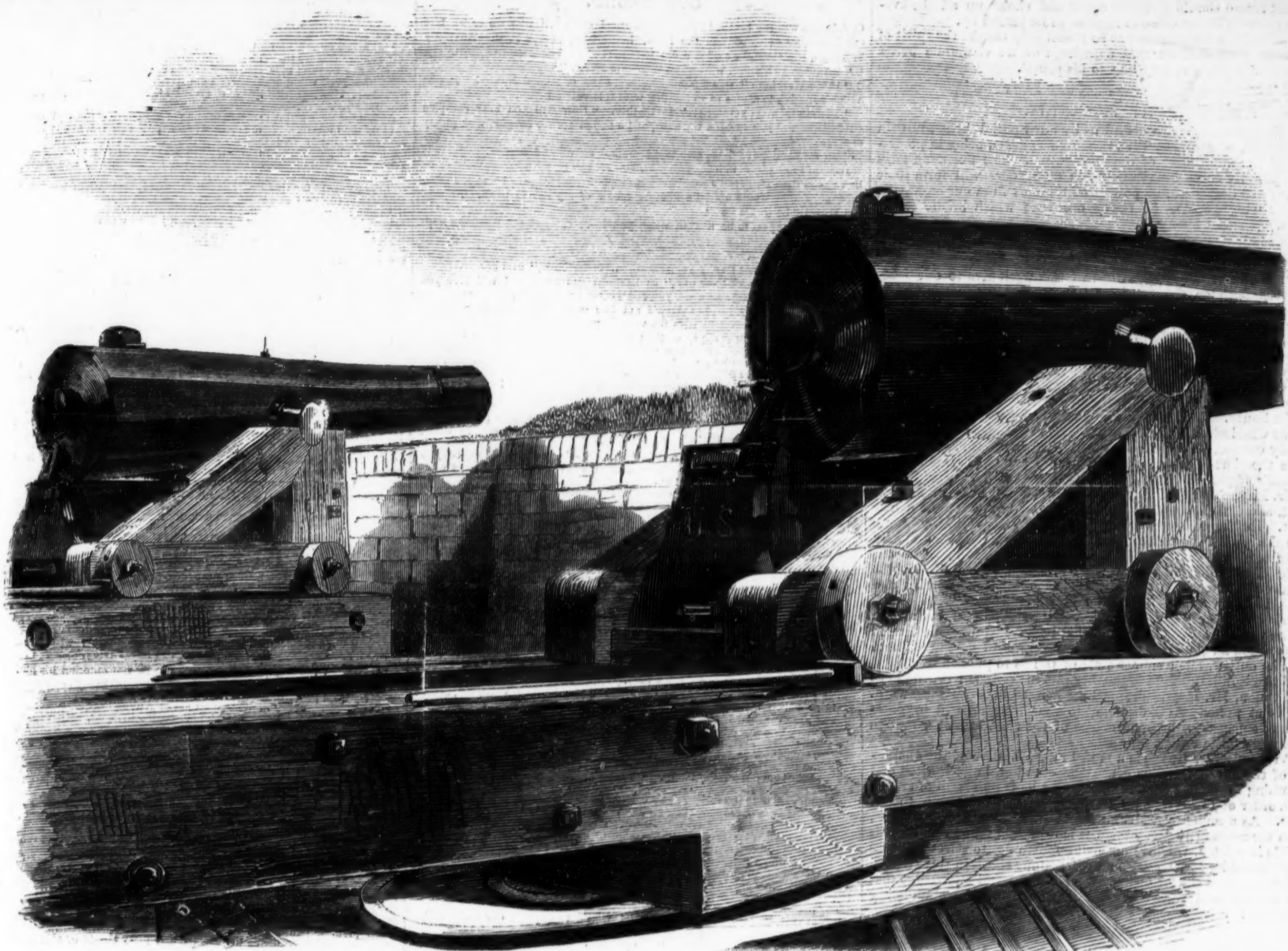
LIEUTENANT HALL, BEARING A FLAG OF TRUCE FROM MAJOR ANDERSON IN FORT SUMTER TO GOVERNOR PICKENS, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FIRING UPON THE STAR OF THE WEST, PASSING THE CHARLESTON "MERCURY" OFFICE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.



PAUL H. HAYNE, FORT AND LITTLETON: AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA. PHOTOGRAPHED BY QUINBY & CO., CHARLESTON, S. C.—SEE PAGE 170.



LIEUTENANT HALL, U. S. A.—BRIEFER OF DESPATCHES FROM MAJOR ANDERSON TO GOVERNOR PICKENS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



THE GREAT CANNONS IN FORT MOULTRIE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 170.

LIEUT. HALL, U. S. A.

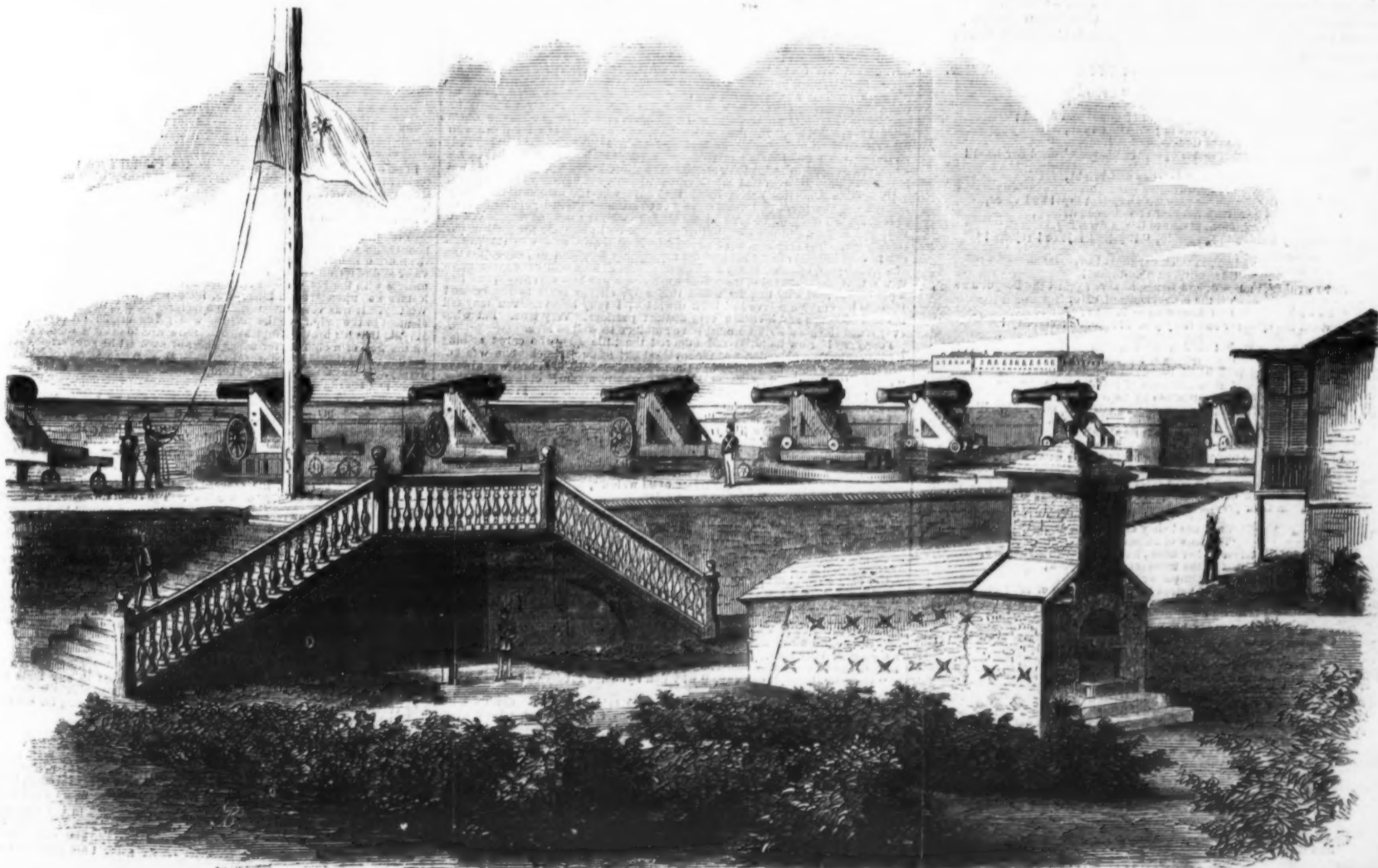
We give this week a portrait of Lieut. Hall, U. S. A., who has become historical in connection with the great Secession movement. He has been brought prominently before the public as bearer of a flag of truce and a message from Major Anderson to the Governor of South Carolina, immediately after the firing upon the Star of the West, and also as bearer of despatches from Major Anderson to the President.

LIEUTENANT HALL, WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE, Passing the Mercury Office, Charleston, S. C.

THE *Mercury* office at Charleston may be justly called the Headquarters of Secession in that city. About it the Charlestonians rally. To it the Charlestonians rush whenever a fresh telegram is displayed on its bulletin board. Before it, the Charlestonians, when out in their martial array, take off their hats and cheer—cheer first for the paper's former proprietor and editor, Hon. R.

B. Rhett, Senior; cheer next for the paper's present proprietor and editor, Hon. R. B. Rhett, Junior; cheer lastly for the paper just as it stands.

The *Mercury* office, in fact, and not to explain any further, is enshrined in the hearts of the people. Therefore was it natural and quite to be counted on that, on the advent of Lieutenant Hall into the city, bearing a flag of truce from Major Anderson to Governor Pickens, the most nervous and excited, if not the



INTERIOR OF FORT MOULTRIE, IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C. NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHORITIES OF SOUTH CAROLINA—THE SECESSION FLAG FLYING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 170.

largest crowd should assemble about and choke up all the avenues to the *Mercury* office to see him as he passed by.

Our artist in Charleston has so thoroughly caught the spirit of the scene presented on that occasion, that we cannot do better than let our pen give way here to his pencil.

FORT MOULTRIE.

We give illustrations furnished us by our Special Artist, now in Charleston, of Fort Moultrie, as it now appears, being in possession of the authorities of South Carolina. The Secession flags float proudly from its ramparts. Our readers will form some idea of the death-dealing powers of this fort from our engraving of the "big guns"—the heavy ordnance which bristle on its walls.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

PAUL H. HAYNE, whose portrait this week give to our readers, was born on the 1st day of January, 1831, in the city of Charleston, and is, consequently, at the present time a little over twenty-nine years of age. Mr. Hayne is a son of Lieutenant Hayne, of the United States Navy, and nephew of Robert Y. Hayne, the distinguished controversialist of Daniel Webster. He was educated in Charleston, and is a graduate of the Charleston College. Shortly after graduating he became a frequent contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger* and other periodicals of the South. As editor Mr. Hayne was baptised in the matter of the Charleston *Literary Gazette*. Afterwards he became editorially connected with the Charleston *Evening News*, and has been since the time of its conception (1857) principal conductor of *Russell's Magazine*.

Mr. Hayne's first volume of poems was published in Boston in 1854, and established for him at once the reputation of a true poet. In the following year a New York publishing house issued a second volume of Mr. Hayne's poems, consisting chiefly of brief pieces, sonnets and lyrics. The longest of these was "The Temptation of Venus: A Monkish Legend." In the month of December, 1859, Mr. Hayne published his third and most recent volume—"Avolio and other Poems." Since the date last mentioned Mr. Hayne has given nothing in book form to the world, but we understand that he has had for some time in preparation an elaborate poem on the subject of "Sappho," and that he only awaits a calmer state of things to publish it.

When South Carolina began her present contest with the Federal Union, Mr. Hayne dropped the pen to take up the sword. He is at present Aide-de-Camp to the Governor, and in consequence engaged in the performance of the most arduous, though seemingly facile duties.

Personally Mr. Hayne is a model representative of the character of the South Carolina gentleman—modest, large-hearted and charming to the last degree. As a poet he is possessed of such a high order of talent that it may justly be said to be akin to genius. As a sonneteer Mr. Hayne is specially gifted. Though, from the necessarily hasty manner and limited time in which this article is written, we have not had opportunity to select what we might consider Mr. Hayne's most felicitous efforts in this respect, we still present the following little bit in the full knowledge that our readers will recognize that merit which it so abundantly manifests:

Sonnet.

The passionate Summer's dead; the skies aglow
With rosy flushes of matured desire;
The winds at eve are musical and low,
As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre,
Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,
Whose pomp of grand procession upward rolls,
With gorgeous blazonry of pictured folds,
To celebrate the Summer's past renown;
Ah me! how regally the heaven looks down,
O'er shadowing beautiful autumnal woods,
And harvest fields with hoarded increase brown,
And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,
That lift their solemn dirges to the sky
To swell the purple pomp that floateth by.

As more immediately bearing upon the great question of today, and not at all from any influence that it may have as to the forming of an opinion in regard to Mr. Hayne's ability, we quote the following, which appeared in the Charleston *Mercury* the second morning after the Ordinance of South Carolina's Secession was passed:

A SONG OF DELIVERANCE.—WRITTEN ON THE 20th DECEMBER, 1860.

The night of doom is passed,
And our Freedom born at last,
A fair Immortal rises o'er the storm of doubt and dread;
She dawns in pomp of power,
At the God-appointed hour,
Youth's dowy morning in her eyes, Hope's halo 'round her head!

Oh! Angel strong and bright,
Thus growing on our sight,
The ransomed Nation halts thee with exultant heart and voice,
With the roar of millions swelling,
From Mount to Ocean dwelling,
One mighty burden to the strain, "Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!"

Long in thick darkness lost,
Our spirits passion-tossed,
Have writhed, and bled, and struggled sore against the Despot's sway,
Till the cruel clouds of care,
Fast deepening to despair,
Shut out the splendor and the joy of Freedom's festival day!

But sudden like the note
From a brazen trumpet's throat,
We heard the triumph which bespoke our hated Foesmen nigh;
The last defence of Right,
Down-trodden by their might,
And an awful Warning thrills us—"YE CONQUER, OR—YE DIE!"

Like the Lion in its anger,
From the sulen mood and languor
Of a weary chase upspringing, the South stands fierce at bay;
Her lurid eyeballs flame
With a fury none can tame,
And the startled bloodhounds, crouched to spring, shrink shuddering
From their prey.

See! see! they crouch and cry!
The dogs of Rapine fly,
Struck by the terror of her mien, her glance of lightning fire,
And the mongrel, hungry pack,
In whimpering fear fall back,
With the sting of baffled hatred hot, and the rage of false desire.

Oh! glorious Mother Land!
In thy presence, stern and grand,
Unnumbered fading Loyes re-bloom, and faltering hearts grow brave,
And a consentaneous shout,
To the answering Heaven rings out,
"Off with the livery of disgrace, the baldric of the Slave!"

methinks with deeper flow
Our murmuring Rivers go
To meet the Ocean, not more free and buoyant than our souls,
That a gladder sunlight shines
On the immortal pines,
Where, through the chanting post-Wind, a lordlier anthem rolls!

And, methinks, from wood and shere,
Where the gallant herds of yore
Have slept their long heroic sleep, a solemn murmur comes;
It mingles with the cheers
Of our lusty Cannoneers,
And thrills an awful minor through the thunder of our drums.

O'er the shock of martial heel,
O'er the clang and clash of steel,
O'er each mortal demonstration, these spirit voices rise,
And they speak to tuned ears
In the language of the spheres,
"AT THE FALL OF RASCALLY TYRANTS WE TRIUMPH IN THE SKY!"

OUR BRUNO.

OUR BRUNO was my brother Fred's pet bear. I can't tell why we called him our Bruno, for everybody in the house hated him, except Fred. When my brother was sixteen, he said one day to father,

"I want to go hunting with uncle Wareham Mason."

"Uncle Wareham" was a famous hunter, a sort of second Nimrod. It was a high ambition to aspire to go hunting with this veteran.

"You are a smart youngster," said father. "How will you bear camping out? How will you relish a wigwam, and a bed of spruce boughs, with plenty of soft snow beneath?"

"Oh we shall have fires, and blankets, and snow, and spruce, and uncle Wareham knows how to keep comfortable. He can make a snow blanket do more good than some folks could get out of a buffalo-skin. He's grand, and no mistake, and he would not take another fellow of my age in town. He told Art Wheeler he would not."

"And you expect to be a man when you have camped out three weeks," said father.

Fred blushed.

"I think I shall not be any younger when I come back," said he.

"But you may be a bigger boy," said father. "However, I will give you leave to try the woods, and see if you don't come home cured."

Mother was full of fears, but she did not like to say anything about it, and Fred went to the back woods with the veteran hunter. He came home, to my mother's surprise and delight, without the rheumatism, or consumption, but with an increased vigor, and a flow of spirits that was really remarkable.

I noticed when I told Imogene Marston, a beautiful icy dame of Fred's, that brother was going hunting, she turned very pale, and that her red lips were blue and pallid, but she did not say a word. I almost thought it was because she cared for him, but I was soon undeceived, for she remarked a good while after,

"I love uncle Wareham more than all my other uncles, and I am always frightened when he goes hunting in the deep snow and under terrible winter weather."

I had forgotten that Mr. Mason was her mother's brother. Everybody in town called him uncle Wareham. So this was the cause of her pale lips when I spoke of Frederick's going hunting.

Several matters of importance were achieved in that three weeks' hunting. A boy's ability to camp out twenty-one nights, and come home all the better for it, was demonstrated, and he brought home, besides his improved health, a good pack of skins of small animals, such as mink, muskrat, and one young otter. It was a great triumph for a boy of sixteen to do what Fred had done, and there was no end of evenings to relate his adventures. Even Imogene listened with a cold complacency to the exploits of the young Nimrod. But Fred got a taste for the woods, and their inhabitants, that turned out a great trial to all of us.

In one of his expeditions he captured a young bear, not as large as a month-old Newfoundland pup, and a good deal uglier. To Fred he was a pet, having first-rate recommendations.

Everybody else was afraid of him. This was recommendation "A No. 1" to the "plucky boy." Then he became very soon greatly attached to his master. If he had been an old bear, the cub could not have been more attached to him, and brother returned his affection with a warmth that was very surprising, especially as Imogene had a horror of Bruin, and could not be induced to enter our house on account of him. She was now fourteen years old, and so beautiful that she was the observed of all observers. Her strange unkindness to poor Fred continued, and was even augmented. I could by no means account for it, as a more manly, noble, and handsome young man did not live in our small town. Fred was a scholar too, and was going in a few months to college. What in the world did he want with a pet bear then? Could anybody else manage "the v. r. m. i. n. t.," as uncle Wareham called him?

That bear! What a curiosity he was, to be sure. I could fill many pages with his doings. He slept with Fred, he called himself up at his feet, and he waked him early in the morning, by coming to light at the top of the bed, and rubbing his nose under brother's chin. Very lovingly he waked him, very lovingly he did everything for his master. He would resign his basin of milk to Fred, and when he had robbed the table of a plate of honey he would deliver up the spoil to his master, though he would look everybody else out of the house if they ventured to but towards depriving him of his greatest luxury. We could not set the table with butter or honey upon it unless Fred were present. The table would be robbed in a twinkling, and though my mother could drive him out of the house with a broomstick, she could not reclaim the lost edibles.

"That post, that nuisance," were mild words to express our sense of his misdeeds.

"How can you endure that horrid creature?" said I. "Nobody will come near us, by-and-by, from fear of him."

"No one comes now," said Fred, with a heavy sigh. "I saw how it was—no one came, because Imogene never came."

"How can you expect Imogene to come?" said I, answering his thought. "She is in terror of her life if she passes the house."

"Nonsense, sister. Bruno is harmless, everybody knows that, and she never came before I brought home the bear. He is all the comfort and all the company I have now."

I looked reproachfully at Fred, but I could not find it in my heart to scold him.

"A novel consolation for slighted love," said I, laughing. "You have a singular taste."

"I am a singular boy," said Fred. "I will never love anybody but my family and Bruno."

A few days after this my brother went to the next town, and was gone over night. The distress of Bruno, when bedtime came and his chum was missing, was ludicrous and painful. He went up to the bed, and putting his nose under the clothes at the head he went down and out at the foot, and then returned and went under the clothes and out at the foot of the bed, in precisely the same way, and this he kept up for eight or ten days, for I left him making this vain quest for my brother when I retired. When I rose next day I found Bruno lying on a coat of Fred's, that he had got at by scratching open the wardrobe door. He had pulled down the coat and laid himself upon it, and no one could dislodge him till his master returned. The next Sunday Fred locked the wardrobe and went to church. Very soon Bruno became uneasy, and as there was nothing of brother's in reach, he was very unruly. Finally he climbed to the top of an old-fashioned high chest of drawers, and threw down brother's great Bible. He then descended, and complacently lay down with his nose on the sacred volume till Fred returned. He then seemed overjoyed, he leaped upon his beloved master, he gambolled about him, he licked his hands, he jumped up to his face, and inflicted many kisses upon it with his wet tongue, and finally went and lay down with Fred's hat between his two paws.

My brother Frederick was a noble boy. He was the delight of the family and the neighborhood, and there was no boy in the district so popular as Fred Carwell. All the boys boasted of his courage—of his pluck, as they called it. Boys and men delight in pluck, but women do not; and all the girls in our school, with one exception, were devoted to Fred. And who was this exception? Just the girl of all others whom my brother delighted to honor, just the one whose good opinion, to say nothing of affection, he would have given more to win than the approval of the whole world. He was now seventeen, and had a pet bear. And why had he taken this ugly, shaggy beast to his bosom? Because his ambitious love had been thwarted, I fully believe. You may tell me that ambition and love are very distinct passions. Very true. But whoever loved Imogene Marston must have ambition as well as love.

Poor Fred! How he loved and admired the little girl, who cared nothing for him. Imogene Marston was the loveliest girl in our school. She was but fourteen years old, and yet she was the finest scholar we had, and was always "captain" at the spelling school. When I was "captain" of the other side, I always gave up beat as soon as her name was announced. Fred was now seventeen, yet he did not seem older than that young queen.

I wish I could describe her—but the charm of the girl could never be prisoned in words. She had dark, dreamy, liquid eyes—hazel, people call them, and long lashes, that lay on her cheek. They always made me think of Byron's lines—

"As a stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows,
Now rushes revealed
In the light of its billows.
As the bolt burst on high,
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flashed the soul of that eye,
From the long lashes round it."

Her hair was auburn, that ripe chestnut color that has so much of golden sunshine in it, that you are never weary of admiring it. Her complexion was a dazzling whiteness—no rose vied with the lily, but the lily reigned supreme o'er brow and neck and cheeks. Only the lips were ruddy as ripe cherries. Beautiful Imogene! Well might my brother go wild and moody about you, and have a furnishing feeling of ambition, that told him he would die if he could not conquer your love. I was my brother's confidant. I was twenty-five, a very mature age to a boy of seventeen.

"Imogene," said I, one day, "why don't you like Frederick? Has he done anything to displease you?"

Her face and neck became crimson, as she said, "Oh, Jane, don't ask me; I don't wish to speak about Frederick. He has taken it into his head that I don't like him. It is only a notion. I am sure I am very friendly to Frederick."

Still I could not see that she was embarrassed, and it was plain to me that she either did or did not love Frederick. As the boys say, "there was no two ways about it." He was not indifferent to her, she either loved him or greatly disliked him. So much was plain to my womanly conception. Something more I was determined to learn, but I was destined to be disappointed. We met at school and at spelling school during the winter, and at the sugar camp in the spring. Our little queen came with the rest at the parties which our folks gave when they "sugared off," but I could never make out what Imogene's coldness to my brother meant. The little miss kept her secret, and Fred his love and his ambition to win the more than regal beauty, who had wound herself into every filament of his youthful but mainly affections. "What a brave young heart had my brother, and how he took that big brute to his bosom, when he failed to win a tenderer love. What a rival had Imogene Marston—or, rather, what a strange consolation had Fred!"

I believe we all hated Bruno heartily. I think no one had any patience with him, except brother, and the more we disliked him, the more Fred petted and spoiled him. But, the end approaches. I can't write all night about a tame bear, and the disagreeable reason why Imogene never came to see me. She always shuddered when I asked her to come, and said she would not see Bruno for anything.

I promised to lock him into Fred's bed-room if she would only come. I had some choice flowers that she loved in the garden, and I longed to see her among them. She was the most charming person to me that ever was. I never wondered that Fred worshipped her. I did wonder at his consoling himself with a horrid great bear (Bruno had now grown an awful fellow) for his failure to win Imogene's love.

At last the dear girl consented, in spite of Bruno, to come and see me. We shut up the monster—for to her he was one, though essentially harmless, except in the honey and butter department. For three hours Bruno was a prisoner in brother's room, and we had a very pleasant time. Just at night, Fred and I and Imogene had gone into the garden, and had gathered some flowers, and then we had seated ourselves on the settle, under the prettiest clump of laburnums that ever anybody saw. Imogene had treated Fred with a degree of coldness and hauteur that nearly drove him mad. I knew he wanted her to go home, that he might console himself with Bruno, well as he loved her. I knew she would go very soon, and I went into the house to make some little preparation, that I might go a part of the way with her. I had hardly entered the door when I heard a terrible scream from the garden. I ran out to see what was the cause, and there I beheld Imogene clinging around Fred's neck, with the bear. Fred was trying to support the almost fainting girl, and free himself from the joyful embraces of Bruno at the same time. My father had accidentally set the imprisoned beast at liberty, and in his joy he had run to his master, and jumped upon him, giving him a dreadful affectionate hug. Imogene thought the bear was killing Fred, and the assumed coldness of years melted in the white heat of her terror, and she sprang to my brother, clasping him about the neck, and vainly striving to protect him from what she supposed, for the moment, to be the infuriated bear. She discovered her mistake when she recovered her senses, but it was too late. Fred knew who loved him, and Bruno had to be shut into the bed-room again, more securely; and brother went home with Imogene instead of me, and on the way he promised his sweet friend to build a pen for Bruno. He kept his word. Bruno had a very small house, with a roof held in place by large rocks laid on the boards. The first night he slept in it he undertook to raise the roof, and get out, and return to his beloved master. He did raise it sufficiently to get his head out, and was caught by the neck, and choked to death. We all rejoiced at Bruno's death, except brother, who shed some tears over the body of his pet. He could not mourn very deeply, for he and Imogene were lovers for all time, from the evening when she undertook to save Fred from the dreadful grasp of a bear. Poor Bruno! Happy Fred and Imogene!

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Saturday, at the Superior Court, a singular instance of matrimonial misery was brought before Judge Moncrief. It was the demand of Elizabeth Dietz to be released from the brutality of her husband, Frederick Dietz. It was proved that, within a month after their marriage they fought about a yellow dog, which belonged to the husband, and which Elizabeth wanted to send away, as it had a habit of lying on her bed and encouraging lass, whereupon Frederick raised his fist and gave her such a deliberate blow on the nose that she fell to the earth. Since then, he has attempted to strangle her with a strap and a stick. She prayed for a divorce, which was not granted.

POLICEMAN WILSON, who shot Mr. Taylor as he was entering his house, on the evening of Wednesday week, and which we published in our last paper, has very properly been arrested for the felonious assault. When it is remembered that he had lived next door to the injured man for five years, it would almost seem as though such a mistake could not have been accidental. Mr. Taylor's brother has determined to follow up the case with vigor. We are happy to add that the wounded man is getting better, although the bullet has not yet been extracted.

A TERRIBLE proof of the brutality of some of the lower orders was given on Friday night, when a disolute Irishwoman was choked to death in the basement of a house in Twenty-seventh street, Twentieth Ward, by a shoemaker, named Bradley. It appears that he had actually attempted to outrage the woman, in the presence of her brother, and that it led to a free fight, in which the woman got killed. They were all frightfully intoxicated. Bradley and Love, the brother, are both arrested, one as the principal and the other as the witness.

BROOKLYN seems to be all the worse for its numerous churches, for the streets are infested by gangs of footpads, who rob in open daylight. On Sunday afternoon, as two boys were coming from church, they were attacked by four ruffians of the ages of fifteen to eighteen, and their pockets emptied. One of the young scoundrels drew a knife and swore he would stab them if they cried out. They were arrested, and the articles stolen, with her father and that daughter, were taken to the police station at the corner of Degraw and Seventh avenues. The police ought to disperse the little bands of loafers that gather around corner groceries.

MR. RABBIT gave his last lecture but one in New York on Saturday, and has lectured twice in Brooklyn. His success has been unequivocal.

The mysterious murder, or manslaughter, of John Sexton, noticed in our last, still remains unsolved. The general opinion is that he was stabbed by some stranger, who was passing, and who had been insulted by him. He was very much intoxicated, and very quarrelsome when last seen. Craig, the actor, who was in his company a few hours before he was found dead, deposes that Sexton was so quarrelsome and so inebriated, that he was glad of an opportunity to escape from his company.

The coroner has adjourned the inquest on the body of John Tuttle, of Hudson City, New Jersey, till the powders, which are supposed to have caused his death, have been analyzed. Many eminent men testified to the skill of Dr. Elberg.

We related some time ago the miserable death of Mrs. German, which occurred at Syracuse, recently. Mrs. Harman, the daughter of Mr. German, explains, in a card, that the woman was the second wife of the late German, and that she had inherited from her father all his property, some \$60,000, which her brother realized, and went out West to enjoy. Having beggared her husband, she went in pursuit of her brother, who refused to give her any of his ill-gotten wealth. She returned to Syracuse, and died of disappointment, want and remorse.

MR. HIRSH SHAW, of Stouffville, Conn., while conversing with his wife the other morning, suddenly ceased speaking, dropped his head and died instantly.

The court-martial on Colonel Corcoran still draws its slow length along. The people have lost all interest in it, and it now only concerns the military as a point of discipline.

DURING the past week the skating in the Central Park has been excellent. On an average, fifty thousand persons have each day been on the ponds. On Monday there were nearly sixty thousand people on the ice, and seven hundred vehicles drove through the park. Two thousand five hundred sleighs were also there on Tuesday.

SEVERAL of the prominent inhabitants of Hoboken have been lecturing in that picturesque city lately. The Rev. Dr. Bruce, on Fashion, said some hard things of the more ornamental part of human nature, and attacked the houses with great valor and determination. He had better be careful. We never knew any one meddle with the Fet of the Petticoats without getting into trouble. The next lecture was upon Art and Literature, including Painting and Politics, by T. W. Whitley. It was very amusing. The lecturer looked, though, rather out of his element in the pulpit, for the lecture was given in the Presbyterian Church. He said that his first attempt at portraiture was to draw a picture of the Devil on the wall of a church, for which effort of high art he got locked over by the parson. The third lecture was General G. R. V. Wright's, Battle Fields of New Jersey. It was a well delivered composition. The profits of these lectures are given to a charitable institution.

The Ohio coal mines yielded two million tons last year.

MR. FUNKER, of Jersey City, had a very narrow escape of drowning on the 21st, while skating before the Jersey City Yacht Club House, near the Bay. The ice gave way, and he was precipitated into the water. Fortunately it was only up to his shoulders, so he remained while his companions got a rope and hauled him out. He was almost insensible from cold when taken out.

At Bridgeport, Conn., the other day, the water main burst, tore up the ground and broke a number of windows. The report was like a cannon's.

The trial of Jackalow, for the murder of Captain Leet and his brother, is now going on at Trenton. He is indicted upon three counts, each of which involves his life. Thirty-four witnesses have been subpoenaed for the prosecution. On Tuesday seventeen witnesses were examined, and proved the facts connected with the running into of the schooner Spray by the Lucinda; the prisoner's refusal to let any one on deck, threatening to cut them with a hatchet; the picking up of Jackalow by Captain Webb; the tracing of the prisoner to Newark, where he applied for lodgings and secreted himself in a cellar; and that he gave two different names. When at Egg Harbor, the prisoner told the same story as to the whereabouts of Captain Leet and his brother, and that he bought in Brooklyn one barrel of flour, soap, matches and brooms, and in New York two coils of rope.

A PETITION to Congress is in circulation in Philadelphia, asking that a pro rata appropriation be made by the National Government to any State applying therefor, to enable said State to extinguish the title to slaves within its limits by compensating the holders of such title, and by providing for the education of such slaves.

ACCIDENTS on the railroads become more frequent every day. Till some severe instances are made for carelessness on the part of the employees, a railroad is the way to murder. On the 22d January, a cattle train on the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, consisting of fourteen cars, broke on the bridge between Bellows Falls and Chester, Vt. Five cars went through, killing fifty sheep and four cattle. No injury was sustained by the men on the train.

JOSEPH PARRON, whose trial for forgery we announced in our last, was, after lasting four days, honorably acquitted on Monday, the 21st January. His wife, a Cuban lady of considerable refinement and beauty, and who was in court, was so affected that she fell insensible. After some time she recovered, and was led out of court.

MR. DIX, Secretary of the Treasury, has communicated to Congress a statement of the actual condition of the Treasury. He estimates the amount necessary, prior to the 1st July next, in addition to the accruing revenue, at \$20,000,000. He also suggests measures to raise this money, and, among other

means, refers to the surplus revenue deposited in the States in 1836 as a specific fund which might be pledged or recalled. This is a pretty state of affairs for the second commercial country in the world.

It appears, from the Savannah papers, that the ships bound to Charleston, being unable to enter that port on account of the buoys and lights being withdrawn and vessels sunk in the entrance, have gone on to Savannah; thus benefiting that port to the destruction of Charleston. Georgia's half secession is a very profitable plan. South Carolina's earnestness will cost it a large sum of money.

Mr. EDWIN A. STEVENS, of Castle Point, and several prominent Hobokeners, with Dr. Lorenzo Elder, the Public School Superintendent, on the 23d of January, visited the Public Schools of Hoboken, in order to ascertain for themselves their condition and progress. Through the exertions of the learned doctor—who is beyond all question the best superintendent they have had—Mr. Stevens has liberally added another wing to the building, thus affording additional accommodation for the constantly increasing number of scholars. Mr. Stevens and his friends congratulated Dr. Elder upon the success that had attended his well directed efforts. It is, we understand, Mr. Stevens' intention to endow the schools of his native place still more liberally.

We have to record another instance of the brutality practiced on board our merchant marine. It appears from the testimony of two sailors, Simpson and Butler, that as the Pamlico was coming through the Golden Gate, on its passage from San Francisco to New York, the third mate, Frederick Henderson, assaulted a sailor named Francis Goldsmith so brutally that he died almost immediately. The body was then wrapped up and sent ashore in the pilot boat, the captain giving a certificate that he died from falling from the yard. On arriving here the third mate escaped on shore. The police are after him, and will, no doubt, capture the man. The captain should also be arrested, for if the testimony of the sailors is true, he was an accomplice in the murder.

J. W. WHITING, who was arrested last week for defrauding a Philadelphia jeweller, proves to be the same man who, in 1856, robbed General Haley of a large sum of money at Saratoga. For this offence he was tried, and sentenced to nine years' imprisonment. He, however, escaped from Clinton prison, and has since then been pursuing his old games.

EX-RECORDED SMITH was robbed of \$1,600 in one of the Fourth avenue cars on Saturday night. He had been attending the trial of the bank robbery at New Haven, and had just arrived in New York by the cars. When he left the car at the end of Bond street, he immediately discovered his loss and ran after the car, which he re-entered. While he was relating his loss, a man jumped off the platform, and although hotly pursued by the recorder and his fellow-passengers, the fellow escaped. This man was evidently the thief.

ACTIVE as the French Zouaves are, they are not equal to a New York thief, as was proved to the utter astonishment of the gallant Zouaves. Late on Monday night a number of Zouaves belonging to the French theatrical company, were passing through Thompson street, and when near Fourth street, Joseph Haws, alias Matthew Sears, a notorious thief stepped up to Adolph Meyer, one of the party, and snatched his gold watch and chain. The thief ran, but the astonished Zouaves followed him and raised an alarm. Officer Bird, of the Fifteenth Ward, saw the fugitive, and tried to bring him to with a shot from his revolver. The ball flew wide, and the man did not stop. He was finally captured, however, and Justice Quackenbush committed him for trial, in default of \$2,000 bail.

ABOUT four o'clock, before daybreak, on the morning of the 22d, three burglars broke into a house corner of Thirty-ninth street and Third avenue. They were heard by the servant girl, Bridget Ruddle, who discovered them in one of the upper rooms breaking open a bureau. Bridget attempted to secure the thieves by locking the door of the room in which they were. Her design was frustrated, however, and the fellows ran by her into the street, but as they passed, she succeeded in striking one of them a severe blow with a skillet. Following the fugitives, she called "Stop thief!" and Sergeant Burnstead, of the Nineteenth Ward, having heard the alarm, managed to intercept one of the men, who gave the name of John Benson. The others escaped. Justice Brownell committed the prisoner for trial in default of \$1,000 bail.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was created in New York and Brooklyn on Monday, by the report that an attempt was to be made by some undefined mob upon the Navy Yard, Brooklyn. How the report originated was unknown, but the authorities thinking prevention better than cure, took immediate steps to guard against a surprise. Troops were marched from New York, and the guns of the North Carolina were shotted and placed ready for service. The police were also ready for any emergency. Everything, however, passed off without any disturbance, and the whole affair was a palpable hoax. Fort Hamilton has likewise been reinforced with fifty men from Flatbush barracks. The same afternoon thirty-eight cases of mumps—four hundred and fifty-six in all—were seized by order of Superintendent of Police Kennedy, on board of the steamer Monticello, which was just about sailing for Savannah. The arms were consigned to Montgomery, Alabama.

A TRUE ROMANCE.

THE English papers contain one of the most remarkably planned murders we have ever heard of, and it is rendered all the more remarkable by the smallness of the plunder to be gained by the crime.

On Thursday, the 3d January, a gentlemanly young man called at the large tailoring establishment of Hyam & Co., Dame street, Dublin, and selected about twenty pounds' worth of ready-made clothing. Paying a small deposit on the same, he told the salesman to send the parcel to him, Mr. Hanson, at the Commercial Inn, that evening, at eight o'clock. The porter, Mulholland, was sent at the appointed time, and was met a short distance off by Hanson, who told him if he would come with him to the office he would pay him for the goods. The man unhesitatingly followed him through several streets till they came to a stable, when the porter observed him fumbling apparently for something in his pockets, and thinking that the man was looking for the means of lighting a candle, inquired if it was a match was wanted? The stranger replied, "yes," and while Mulholland was searching in his pocket for a match he drew a pistol from his vest, and fired it into the face of Mulholland. The weapon, which was loaded with a conical bullet, exploded so near the person of the intended victim that it singed his hair, and the ball passed through the cartilage of his nose, and lodged in the plastered wall of the stable. Mulholland, on being shot, fell to the ground, and on his attempting to rise he was grappled by the assassin, who attempted to strangle him. In the struggle which ensued Mulholland got the fellow's finger in his mouth and bit it severely, and then called out loudly for help from the police. The assassin, fearing detection, made off, possibly overhearing the approaching steps of some constable who came up speedily on hearing the outcry. Mulholland was conveyed to the Richmond Hospital, where his wounds were dressed.

In the stable to which Mulholland had been inveigled, when light was obtained, it was at once perceived by the constable for what terrible purpose this stable had been taken at rent a week ago by the assassin. At one side of the stable, near to the wall, a grave was recently dug; the shovel and pickaxe which had been used for providing a grave for a man yet living remained on the margin of the excavation, which was about six and a half feet in length, five feet in depth, and about four feet in width. The arrangements for the "burial" of the victim or victims, as the case might be, seemed to be tolerably perfect. The large stones were carefully put aside to serve as an upper covering to renew the pavement of the stable, and thus baffle suspicion and prevent detection; and doubtless, the poor porter, whose body was destined to occupy that pit, would, in all probability, be supposed to have absconded with the money which was paid to him for the goods entrusted to him for delivery. The pistol with which the intended murder was to have been accomplished lay upon the ground, near the stable door. It is a single barreled rifle pistol, with a walnut wood stock. Beneath the muzzle of the piece is a spring bayonet, which springs outward on the trigger being pulled, thus making death doubly sure, and the weapon was intended for the perpetration of a foul deed, making it terrible in the hands of a determined assassin. A morocco leather pocket-book was also found, in which were a number of percussion caps and a quantity of gunpowder. The parcels of clothing, &c., brought by the porter, Mulholland, were found lying near the stable door, where they had fallen during the scuffle.

The would-be assassin proves to be a young man of about twenty, named Joseph Dwyer. He is in custody, and his trial will take place in a week or two. His counsel says that he is insane.

THE DANDY DOTE.—A dandy was recently walking under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, holding in his hand a gold-headed cane of splendid workmanship. A man, supported by two crutches, came up, and asked for alms in a piteous tone. The dandy, moved to pity, gave the beggar a small silver coin. At the same moment a person near him suddenly exclaimed, "How can you, sir, allow this rogue to deceive you? Please to lend me your cane, and I will show you that the rascal runs better than I can." The dandy, without reflecting, lent his cane. The beggar, the moment he perceived it, laid his detestable hands, threw away his crutches and took to his heels, and was followed by the man with the cane, who let the spectators, and the dandy particularly, remained in convulsions of laughter at the sight, and exclaiming, alternately, "Oh, he will be caught!" "No, he will not be caught!" But both the racing horses disappeared at the next turning in the street, and their victim remained waiting for his splendid cane, which cost five hundred francs.

SPORT IN SHARON.—On Valentine's Day birds may pair, but men go popping in the 1st September.

HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

CAN you spell brandy with three letters in English or French? B. R. and Y.: O. D. V.

"I'm having a change of air," as Mr. Jenkins, the city broker, said when he put on a new wig.

A wise man may be pinched by poverty, but only a fool will let himself be pinched by tight shoes.

"COMPANIONS OF THE BATH."—Soap and Towels.

AN IRISHMAN'S SWEETHEART.—A bullock's heart stuffed with treacle.

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

A DUBLIN journal observes that a handbill announcement of a political meeting in that city, states, with boundless liberality, that "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend."

A WITNESS in a court, speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the counsel employed on the other side, exclaimed, "Now, sir, why do you bark so furiously?"

"Because," said the witness, "I think I see a thief."

THE TEST OF GENERALSHIP.—"If you are a great general," said Sylla to Marius, "come and fight me."

"If you are a great general," was the quiet answer, "make me come and fight you."

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR FRONT TEETH.—A GERMAN journal speaks of a young authoress who has distinguished herself in the literary world. She is called the Baroness de Cioekrakerstocae Pickaukenken.

The Prince of Wales is likely to be remembered in the British provinces. At a town in Canada West, where he partook of a mutton chop at a wayside inn, the proprietor now parades over his door the words, "John Johnson, Purveyor to his Royal Highness."

A GENTLEMAN was called upon to apologise for words uttered when in wine. "I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did; but I've had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge."

A PAINTER, who was fond of hearing his works praised, was one day told that Judge — did not think very favorably of a performance of his.

"Oh," said the artist to his informant, "what is his opinion worth? He isn't a judge of painting, he's a judge of probate."

A CHAP, calling himself Reuben Hill, recommends a quack nostrum known as "Dyspeptic Cordial," which, he says, cured himself of the rheumatism, his wife of the sick headache, his daughter of the fever and ague, and his mother of a bad cough, besides mending the cellar stairs and putting the baby to sleep!

A "BUMPSTONE" traveller, overtaking an old Presbyterian minister, whose nag was very much fatigued, quizzed the old gentleman upon his "turn out."

"A nice horse, yours, doctor! Very valuable beast, that; but what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?"

"Why, as you have asked me, I will tell you. It is for the same reason your tongue wags so—a sort of natural weakness."

Two knights of the angle having been one evening glad to seek the shelter of a sorry alehouse for the night, one questioned the other the next morning as to how he had passed the night, observing, that for his part "he had slept like a top."

"So did I," replied his companion, "for I was turning round all night!" thus practically proving the nonsense of the old simile for a sound sleeper.

A TEACHER in one of our national schools having explained to her first class that a "chain of mountains" was synonymous with a "range of mountains," asked what a range was. A little girl, who had been quietly listening, exclaimed, "Oh, I know!"

"What is it?" asked the teacher.

"A kitchen range," responded the child. A kitchen range and a range of mountains were to her mind the same.

We have seen some awful typographical errors in our day and generation, but seldom any more absurd than the following: An editor wanting a line to fill the column, gave,

"Shoot folly as she flies.—Pope."

In setting the above the printer had it thus,

"Shoot Polly as she flies.—Pop."

HONOR TOOK having challenged Wilkes, who was then sheriff, received the following laconic reply: "Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present the sheriff of the city of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending to you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it that you shall have no ground left to complain of my endeavors to serve you."

BARRY, the painter, was with Nollekens at Rome in 1760, and they were extremely intimate. Barry took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him, Barry's being edged with lace and Nollekens a very shabby one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was asked by Nollekens why he left him his gold-laced hat. "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey," answered Barry, "I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my laced hat." Nollekens thought it high time to "cut" his "dear friend."

A CONTRABAND.—The most attentive man to business we ever knew was he who wrote on his shop card, "Gone to bury my wife—return in half an hour." He was no relative to the lawyer who put upon his office door, "Be back in five minutes," and returned only after a pleasure trip of three weeks.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.—A Dutchman, the other day, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "the meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter, so he referred to his dictionary and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Honty said, "Day must have werry hot wedder dere in New York. I ret an agout of a meeting vere all de peoples had melted away."

SCENE AT A HAIRDRESSER'S.

Hairstresser (to a young lady): "Your hair is very dry, sir. Might I recommend some of our aromatic rose-colored pomade; it is calculated to soften the harshness of the hair, and to—"

Sufferer (under the process of hair-cutting): "I hate grease."

Hairstresser: "But then, sir, the hair is liable to break."

Sufferer: "Then I must send for a carpenter to get it mended."

Hairstresser shivers, his eyes are elevated and his tongue rests in peace.

AN ACCOMMODATING YANKEE.—A double-bedded room does not mean, in the States, a room with two beds, but a bed with two persons in it. During the great embargo, I happened to be in Charleston, South Carolina, when the landlord proposed to me to sleep with a dirty-looking foreign officer.

"If I cannot have a separate bed," I said, "I prefer sitting by the fire all night to sleeping with that—Russian!"

"Is he a Russian, sir?" said a tall, thin, inquisitive Yankee, who stood listening to the conversation; "is he a Russian? I'll take him, then, if he consents you, stranger. I should rather like it, for I never slept with a Russian."

VEILED BEAUTY.—The King of Bavaria is much averse to ladies wearing veils in the streets, and frequently stops those who have their veils down to adjust them artistically. The other day he was seen at Munich talking with three ladies in the street which bears his name, and in which he takes a daily walk, lifting up the veil of each one and laying it on the top of her bonnet, in a way suited the artistic fancies of the patron of Schwabacher and the friend of Thorwaldsen. He then let them proceed, and, of course, all let their veils down as soon as he was out of sight. It seems King Ludwig once exposed himself to the sight of a second Medusa's head. He lifted the veil of an old lady, looked at her face, and dropped it instantly, saying, "Madam, you are right."

IT RENE IN THE BLOOD.—A certain king had a son born to him. The astrologers predicted that he would lose his sight if he were permitted to see either the sun or a woman before he had reached the age of ten years, on which account the king had him watched and brought up in dark caverns. After ten years were elapsed, he caused him to be brought out, and showed him the world, and placed before him many fine jewels and fair damsels, telling him the names of everything, and that the damsels were demons. Being asked what he liked the best, he replied, "The demons please me more than all the rest." The king then marvelled greatly, saying, "What a powerful thing is female beauty!"

THE IRISHMAN AND THE JUDGE.—Shasta, California, being the head of Wo-haw navigation, the hotels in this flourishing town were full to overflowing when Judge B— arrived, and asked the landlord for a room. The landlord greatly regretted the fact, but "there was but one opportunity even to sleep beneath his roof, and that in a double bed, already occupied by a son of the Emerald Isle, a miner from the neighboring country, who was well acquainted with Judge B— by reputation."

The judge, making a virtue of necessity, agreed to sleep with Pat for the night, and was shown into the room by Boniface, who waked Pat, and told him who was to be his bedfellow. Pat was agreed. The landlord retired, and the judge commenced the double process of undressing and reminding Pat of the great honor of which he was about to be the recipient, and at the same time talking of the "Old Country," and preparing Pat to give to him, the judge, his support at the coming election. Conversing for some time after getting into bed, said the judge,

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge, would you not?"

"Yes, yer honor," said Pat; "and I think yer honor would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd been a judge, too?"

The sunshine of a smiling face will gild everything—even cold mud.

NEVER flirt with a young widow who calls you by your Christian name the second time you meet her, unless you have quite made your mind up to the worst.

THE BEST WASH FOR THE FACE.—Milk of human kindness.

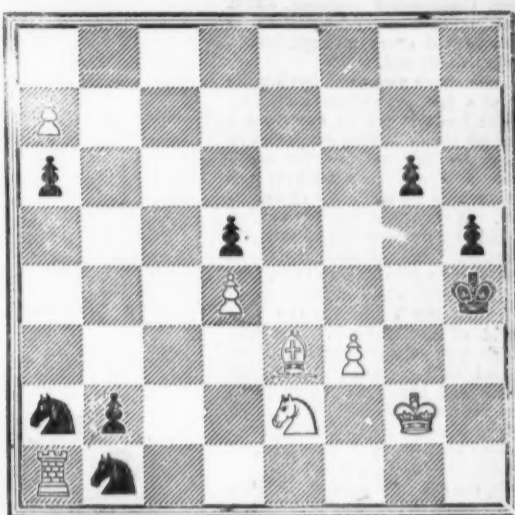
AN EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR CHAFES AND CHILLS.—Patience, Flaccidity and pleasant looks.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Office of Home Life Insurance Co., 10 Wall St., N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 281.—By JOHN GARDNER, of Brooklyn. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

TOURNAMENT GAME BETWEEN MESSRS. F. DEACON AND WGMALD.

WHITE. Mr. W.	BLACK. Mr. D.	WHITE. Mr. W.	BLACK. Mr. D.
1 P to K4	P to K4	31 P to K B 3	B to K Kt 5
2 P to Q4	P to Q4	32 P to K Kt 4	K R to Q Kt 5
3 P to P3	P to P3	33 P to K R 4	P to Q R 4
4 R to Q1	R to K1	34 Kt to K5	Q to Q B 3 (d)
5 P to K B 3	P to K B 3	35 Kt to K Kt 5	P to Q R 4
6 Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	36 B to K3	K R to Q Kt 7
7 Kt to Q B 3	Q Kt to Q3	37 B to K6	P to Q B 6
8 Q to Q1	Castles	38 P to K Kt 5	P to K R 4
9 Castles (K R)	P to Q B 4	39 P to K5	P to K R 4
10 Q R to K sq	P to Q B 5	40 Kt to Kt 5	B to Kt 5
11 B to K3	B to Kt 5	41 P to K B 4	B to B 5
12 B to K Kt 5	Q to Q R 4 (a)	42 Kt to K B 4	Q to K Kt 5
13 Kt to K Kt 5	K R to K Kt 5	43 Kt to K Kt 5	Q to K B 3 (d)
14 B to K B 3 (d)	B to K R 4	44 K to K B 3	Q to Q R 7
15 K to R sq	P to K R 3	45 K to Kt 5 (f)	Q R to Q B 6
16 K to K B 3	K R to Q Kt 5	46 Q to Q5	P to Q Kt 4
17 P to B 3	Q to Q R 4	47 K to K B 3	P to Q Kt 5
18 Kt to Q B sq	Q to Q R 5 (e)	48 K R to K B 3	K R to Pat Q B
19 Kt to K Kt sq	K to K5	49 B to Q6	K to Q6
20 B to Q sq	K R to K5		

And White resigned.

THIS GAME was played some time back between Lord RAVENSWORTH and Mr. LOWENTHAL, the latter giving the odds of the Pawn and move.

(BLACK'S K B F MUST BE REMOVED FROM THE BOARD.)

WHITE. Lord R.	BLACK. Mr. L.	WHITE. Lord R.	BLACK. Mr. L.
1 P to K4	P to K3	21 B to K B 6	P to K Kt 4
2 P to K B 4	P to Q4	22 Q to K B 5	Kt to K R 4
3 P to K5	Kt to K5	23 Kt to K5 (d)	Kt to K5
4 Kt to K B 3	P to Q B 4	24 Kt to K5	Kt to K5
5 P to Q4	Kt to K B 4	25 P to K B 4	P to Kt 5
6 P to Q B 3	P to Q B 5	26 P to K B 4	Q to K5
7 P to K Kt 5	B to K5	27 Kt to Kt 5	B to K5
8 B to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	28 K R to K5	K R to K5
9 B to Kt 5 (a)	P to K5	29 K R to K5	Q to K B 3
10 Castles	B to K5	30 Kt to K5 (e)	Q to Kt 5 (f)
11 Kt to Kt 5	B to Kt 5	31 Kt to Kt 5	B to Q5
12 P to B 3 (b)	Q to Q Kt 5	32 Q to Q5	B to Q5
13 P to K B 3	P to K Kt 5	33 Kt to Kt 5 (g)	K to Q5
14 B to K B 4	Castles (K R)	34 K to K5	K to K5
15 Kt to B3	Q R to K Kt 5	35 K to K5	K to K5
16 Q R to Q Kt 5	P to K R 5	36 K to K5	K to K5
17 Kt to B3	P to P	37 K to K5 (h)	P to K5
18 K to K5	B to K R 4	38 K to K5	K to K5
19 Q to K5	Kt to K5 (c)	39 K to K5	K to K5
20 Q to K B 4	Kt to K5		

And after a few more moves Black resigned the game.

(a) The game was well opened by the first player.
(b) At the first glance this would appear disadvantageous, but as the Q B can now be played to K B 4, such is not the case.
(c) Black might have won a Pawn by Kt to Kt 5, but we prefer the move in the text.
(d) A good move.
(e) Well devised. Play as Black may, he must incur some loss.
(f) His best play, perhaps, would have been to sacrifice the exchange, taking Kt with Rook.
(g) Winning the exchange, at least.
(h) The surest path to victory.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

69 Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of Interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. T. St. Louis, Mo.—All the particulars have been already published. We cannot repeat, week after week, for the benefit of casual readers. Take the paper regularly, and you will always be well posted.

R. Harrisburg, Pa.—Shot, as drawn, is impossible.

M. T.—See number for week ending 23d December, 1860.

J. V. M., Detroit.—Your diagram is in the hands of the engraver.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS in NEW YORK and BROOKLYN DURING THE WEEK.—The closing exhibitions of M. Berger were well attended, and the number of persons present on each occasion evinces the deep hold which the game of billiards has upon the affections of New Yorkers of every grade and degree, from the millionaire to the laborer. The exhibitions at Phelan's rooms gave the following results: On Monday, M. Berger played a French game of 100 points with Mr. Phelan, score—Berger, 100; Phelan, 48. On Tuesday, Mr. Joseph White made 26 to M. Berger's 100 at the same game. On Wednesday and Thursday, M. R. again played with Mr. Phelan, winning by 71 points on the former occasion, and by 51 the latter.

M. Berger played a few games in Phelan's large room on Friday afternoon, defeating Mr. Cann a game of 60 points, Mr. C. making 59. He also played with Mr. Phelan, 100 points, the score standing at five corners of the game—Berger, 100; Phelan, 74. On Friday and Saturday evenings, M. Berger gave two exhibitions in Brooklyn, at Montague Hall. Notwithstanding the storm of Friday evening, a very large assemblage was present to witness the play; and on Saturday evening, also, the room was crowded, and our Brooklyn friends were most enthusiastic in their appreciation of the billiard feats performed before them, which shows, in the estimation of our brethren of the City of Churches, innocent and scientific amusements, such as billiards, are perfectly compatible with true piety. On the evening of the first exhibition in Brooklyn, M. Berger played with Mr. Phelan on a table manufactured by Phelan & Collier, after a design agreed upon by M. Berger and Phelan, of the same dimensions as M. Berger's own table, but less heavy in appearance, being constructed more on the American principle of combining lightness and elegance with durability, and having no waste wood, which, while it is needless to add to the solidity of the object, mars its symmetry. The game was the French three ball corner game, 100 points, score—Berger, 100; Phelan, 74. On Saturday evening Mr. Dudley Kavanagh played with M. Berger, the same game, making 11 points to M. Berger's 100. Subsequently, Mr. Phelan took up the cue, making 59 points to M. Berger's 100. After the conclusion of the exhibition on Friday evening, Dudley Kavanagh played with a prominent amateur at Ferguson's room. On Saturday, Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh played three games in Dean's room; and, after returning from Brooklyn, M. Phelan played the French game with a leading amateur at Kavanagh's room, in Police street. These games were witnessed by a large number of gentlemen, who seemed highly interested.

DEPARTURE OF M. BERGER.—M. Berger, accompanied by Mr. M. Garry, his business agent, left on the 21st for New Orleans by the steamer De Soto.

THE LATELY.—It seems to have been quite the aim this year to present fancy cues as Christmas and New Year's presents. We cannot explain the unusually large demand for cues during the holidays in any other way.

HONEY SOAP.—Take of smiles, soft answers, tolerance, temper and tact, equal parts. Mix well, and place ready for use to your husband's hand. The above will be found a valuable recipe for removing all roughness and irritation, for giving smoothness and softness, and for obviating all the unpleasant effects of domestic friction.

EDMUND RUFFIN,

Who is known for his ultra Southern sentiments, is by birth a Virginian and a Secessionist. For certainly no one who had not imbibed with his mother's milk the desire to break up the compact that binds this great Confederacy together, could manifest such eager interest as he does in the every attempt that is made to that end.

Laden with years, and having the air of a patriarch about him, Mr. Ruffin has not yet by any means reached the doddering state, and in all probability will not for some time to come. His form is not bent, nor is his step slow or uncertain. Were it not that his clothes (which, by the way, are of patriotic homespun) are of modern cut, he would seem like one, to meet him in the streets, who had just stepped out from the Past into the new world of the Present. His hair, which you almost expect to see plaited into a queue, is perfectly white, and hangs in frosty locks over his shoulders. On the left side of his hat he wears the ever-present cockade, and so, with this symbol of resistance hoisted at the peak, the old man goes about from Convention to Convention, a political Peter the Hermit, preaching Secession wherever he goes.

DR. R. WOLCOTT GIBBES,

Whose portrait we this week reproduce, is a resident of Columbia, the capital of the new Commonwealth of South Carolina, and one of its most distinguished citizens.

Dr. Gibbes was at one time considered the ablest medical practitioner in his native State. A few years ago, however, he retired from active practice, and, in the enjoyment of an independent fortune, rested, as it were, upon his laurels. But when the small-pox, that most dreadful of all visitations to which the flesh is liable, broke out in Columbia, in December last, Dr. Gibbes returned to the *Materia Medica* of his earlier days at once, and was among the first to tender restoration to those that had been stricken down. For many years past Dr. Gibbes has held the post of Surgeon-General of South Carolina, until very recently a purely nominal office. But when the State of his birth seceded from the Union, and began to establish herself on a war footing, in order to be in readiness to resist any attempts that might be made to coerce her, the Surgeon-Generalship became something more than a mere name, and Dr. Gibbes received an order from the Governor to organize his Department immediately. In this most difficult task—difficult because everything had to be done *de novo*—Dr. Gibbes has been occupied for the past three or four weeks.

Though bearing on to the sixties, as to age, Dr. Gibbes is still hale and hearty, and walks with as brisk a step as many a man twenty years his junior. In a conversation that the writer of these lines had with him, scarce a fortnight ago, in the city of Charleston, the doctor said that he had "seven sons able and willing to shoulder a musket in the cause of South Carolina's independence."

Dr. Gibbes, a few years ago, assumed the editorship of the oldest daily paper published in Columbia, the *South Carolinian*. Latterly, however, he has laid aside editorial cares, and contents himself at present with being the said paper's sole proprietor.

CHURCHING AN OLD MAID.

The *Court Journal* reports that an unmarried lady, a perfect specimen of an old maid, being on a visit to a friend who lived in a large manufacturing town, went one Sunday to church alone, and was shown into a large square pew, in which half a dozen females were seated. The prayers were drawing to a conclusion, when the officiating minister deviated from the afternoon service into another with which she was unacquainted. This was a novelty to Miss P., who was in the habit of attending public worship at a fashionable chapel in London. When this interpolated service began, her co-pewers stood up, she, as a matter of course, followed their example, and on doing so, was surprised to see all the congregation except themselves either sitting or kneeling. Her companions presently knelt down. She again followed their lead, and by paying great attention to the succeeding prayer, she discovered it was a thanksgiving for safe deliverance from the great pain and peril of childbirth. The usual afternoon service being over, she rose from her knees with crimsoned cheeks and in an agitated state of mind, which was not lessened by the clerk coming into the pew and asking her: "Have you a child to be christened, ma'am?" Pushing him aside, she rushed out of the churching-pew, into which she had inadvertently been put, and made the best of her way out of the church. On entering her friend's drawing-room, she looked so excited and alarmed, that Mrs. M. exclaimed, "My dear Charlotte, what has happened to you? have you been robbed or assaulted?" "Worse, worse—much worse," hysterically sobbed the old maid, "I've been churched."

When have married people passed through the alphabet of love? When they get to be—



HON. EDMUND RUFFIN, OF VIRGINIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY QUINBY & CO., CHARLESTON, S. C.

(From the *New Haven Daily News*, January 21.)

SECESSION OF YALE COLLEGE.

A Southern Rights Flag Floating Triumphant over Alumni Hall!

In prayers yesterday (Sunday morning, January 20th), some little excitement was caused among the students of old Yale by its being whispered around by some few who had noticed it on their way to chapel, that a genuine Palmetto flag was unfurled on one of the towers of Alumni Hall. The religious services concluded, a general rush was made for the rear of the chapel, in

flag. The flag was soon torn from the staff and cut into twenty pieces, each man taking a part as a token of his invincible personal valor.

The cause of the raising of the Palmetto flag was simply this: Some week ago or so, a few rabid Republicans, with more zeal than discretion or a spirit of kindness would suggest, procured several uncouth and double-sized secession cockades, one of which "nigger Sam," the orange man, was induced to wear around the college yard, while others were posted up within precincts where discredit is supposed to be reflected upon everything found in their positions. No notice was taken of this uncalculated insult by the Southerners; but they yesterday repaid the joke in the manner above detailed. Had no notice been taken of the matter, half the point of the joke would have been lost. By the feeling which some foolishly displayed, it seems now to be fastened upon them.

Another Account.

YALE COLLEGE, Sunday, Jan. 20. FRANK LESLIE, Esq.—Sir: Quite an excitement was caused in our usually quiet college world, on finding, when we went to morning prayers, the Palmetto flag floating from one of the towers of Alumni Hall. This building is the finest upon the college grounds, and can be seen at the distance of several squares.

The Southern students erected a flagstaff on the right tower, and about midnight—Saturday—they gave to the breeze the flag of their confederacy.

Great indignation prevailed among the more rabid of the Republicans, many of whom asserted that *that flag must come down, if it was Sunday*.

After prayers were over, the students gathered in front of the house, while some twenty tried to get in at the door (where I have represented them) which is the only way of access to the tower.

But the Southerners had guarded this point carefully, by spiking the keyhole with rat-tail files.

The only way then was to break the door in, which being very heavy was no easy task. After trying about an hour, they managed to force it in and rushed up, each one anxious to have the honor of tearing down that flag.

But when they got to the trapdoor which opens out upon the roof, they were rather suddenly stopped by finding this fastened very tightly from the outside. They then got chisel and hammer, and cutting this open, in another moment the flagpole was cut down and the flag torn to ribbons. The crowd below then gave three cheers, and dispersed. The Southern students from their windows watched these proceedings with considerable amusement.

The flag was about fifteen feet by nine—the pole about twenty feet above the top of the tower. The flag was one sent from the South to a student here, and was very handsome. It was red-blue stripes across, fifteen white stars, a Palmetto tree, and a cres-



DR. GIBBES, SURGEON-GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF SOUTH CAROLINA, AND PROPRIETOR OF THE "SOUTH CAROLINIAN," OF COLUMBIA, S. C.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY QUINBY & CO., CHARLESTON, S. C.

cent in the corner, as I have tried to represent.

Truly yours,
CHARLES LEE FOSTER.

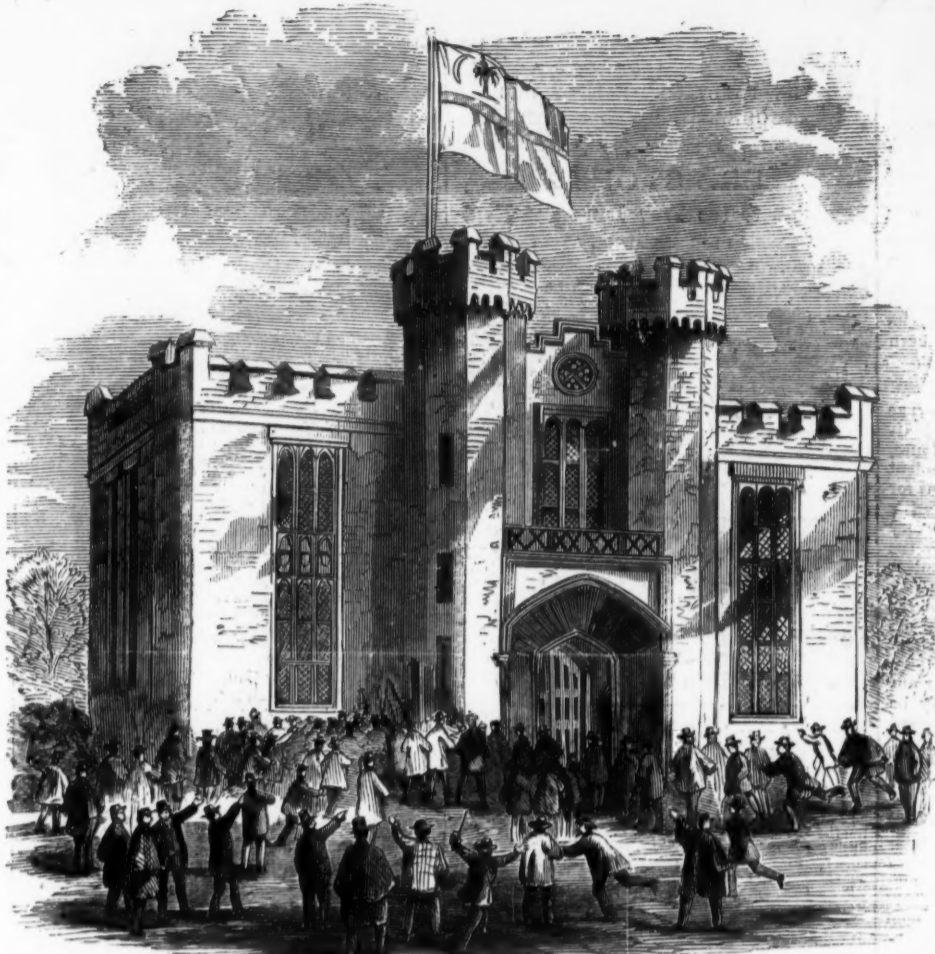
ISABELLA HINKLEY,

The American Prima Donna.

This accomplished and beautiful young lady, who achieved so marked a success at the Academy of Music on the night of the 23d inst., is a daughter of the soil, an American girl beyond peradventure, having been born in Albany, New York, in the year 1840. Her parents were both musical in temperament, and, therefore, her education began early, and with a careful mother to superintend her practice, she soon began to make a decided headway in the divine art. At the age of ten years she began studying the piano with Mr. O. J. Shaw (now a teacher in Utica), but had previously attained remarkable excellence as a pianist and reader of music. A few years afterwards, she commenced her vocal lessons with Mrs. Electra Cone Page, then a popular teacher of singing in Albany, and soon was capable of taking the entire charge of the music in the Church of the Holy Innocents. It was there that her voice was heard by Mr. George W. Warren, a leading professor of music in Albany, who was so much impressed with its beauty and power, that he made immediate offers to Miss Hinkley to become the soprano of St. Paul's Church (where he was organist), and also, a pupil.

From that time her success in Albany was quite remarkable. She made her debut at an annual concert given for the relief of the poor by Mr. Warren, and accomplished a vocal triumph rarely ever before witnessed in that ancient city. She became the pet of the public, and her beautiful voice, daily increasing in power and expression, was the town's talk.

At the end of another two years, during which period she occasionally favored the public, she displayed such remarkable talent that her father, Dr. J. W. Hinkley, one of the most respected



ALUMNI HALL, YALE COLLEGE, AS IT APPEARED ON THE MORNING OF SUNDAY, JAN 20TH, THE SECESSION FLAG, PLANTED THERE BY THE SOUTHERN STUDENTS, FLYING ON ONE OF ITS TURRETS—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

political troubles in Italy determined Miss Hinkley to leave that city of arts and return to America. She accordingly departed from Florence on the 22d September, 1860, intending to sail immediately for America; but arriving at Paris, she was dissuaded from this rather hasty resolution by several celebrated artists of that city, who advised her to remain in Europe, until, acquiring some artistic reputation and receiving great encouragement from all, she gave a grand concert, with Madame Lorini—formerly Miss Virginia Whiting, of Boston—with great success, on the 12th October, 1860. In the following month she received and accepted an offer for Amsterdam, Holland, where she made her debut on the night of December 24, 1860, in the role of Adalgisa in "Norma," with Madame Rosa De Vries, in which she met with the greatest success ever obtained by any debutante. She sang, during the season there, also the operas "Linda di Chamounix" and "Il Trovatore," and also in opera and concerts at Rotterdam, Utrecht, the Hague, Haarlem, Arnheim and Nimègue. She sang twice at Court at the Hague, and received a most flattering mark of attention from Her Majesty the Queen of Holland, who took her by the hand, complimented her highly upon her voice, and thanked her for the pleasure she had afforded her, and shortly after she was presented by the Queen with an elegant bracelet. On the night of February 16th, 1860, on the occasion of her benefit at Amsterdam, she received from her manager a diamond bracelet.

Finishing her engagement in Holland, she was immediately secured by M. Merelli, and made her debut at Brussels, May 19th, in the opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor." She sang also with immense success at Antwerp, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Cologne, Bonn, Crefeld, Düsseldorf, Aix la Chapelle, Maestricht, Hamburg and Berlin, in the operas "Norma," "Linda," "Lucia," "Il Trovatore" (both parts), in "Don Pasquale," "Il Barbiere," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," and Zerlina in "Don Giovanni."



SECESSION IN YALE COLLEGE—THE NORTHERN STUDENTS BREAKING IN THE DOOR OF THE TOWER IN ALUMNI HALL, TO TAKE DOWN THE SECESSION FLAG PLANTED THERE BY THE SOUTHERN STUDENTS. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

physicians of Albany, determined that his daughter should have the superlative advantages of the masters of Italy. It was a sad blow to the Albanians to lose Miss Hinkley, but they honored her, just prior to her departure, with a grand complimentary concert, which was given on the evening of the 15th of April, 1857, which netted her a clear one thousand dollars. She sailed for Europe on the 16th of May of the same year, and soon after her arrival in Florence began a course of study with the celebrated Signor Pietro Romani, and soon became the favorite pupil of this renowned master. She made her first appearance in Florence at the Philharmonic Concert, in presence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, December 21st, 1859, and shortly afterwards was made honorary member of the Florentine Philharmonic Society and presented with a diploma. Soon after, she received an engagement with the celebrated composer, Pacini, to sing his new opera, called "Il Saltimbanco," but the unfortunate revolution in Italy, which broke almost immediately, caused the cessation of all amusements, and she was therefore, obliged to renounce that honor. The continuation of



TAKING DOWN THE SECESSION FLAG FROM THE TOWER OF ALUMNI HALL, YALE COLLEGE, BY THE NORTHERN STUDENTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

While at Cologne, Ullman was present at a representation of "Il Barbiere," and immediately offered Miss Hinkley an engagement for New York. She was already engaged for Milan, but by paying a sum of money the engagement was cancelled and that of Ullman accepted, and to fulfil which she sailed in November for New York, arriving here on the 17th, after an absence of three years and seven months.

A TOUCHING RELIC.

A torn sheet of paper, evidently hastily taken from a ship's log book, on which there was some writing in the Norwegian language has been found in a bottle picked up floating past Barth Head, in Pentland Frith. The paper is found to relate to the Norwegian schooner Albion, a missing ship; and from the contents of the writing it is inferred that the unfortunate ship must have foundered and that all on board met with a watery grave. The translation of the writing by the Swedish Consul is as follows:

"The Norwegian schooner Albion, of Christiania, sunk on the 4th of December, about abreast of E. Skarsen. The crew, consisting of Captain Frank Høie, the mate (Robert Sørensen), who, in the hour

of death invokes the forgiveness of his aunt and uncles, and that they will pay my debts at Christiana, about twenty specie dollars, which my cousin, A. Bookman, knows.

"Lara Dahl bids his wife farewell. The rest of the crew send remembrances to all. Remembrances are sent to Ludwig Host and his wife, they live at Sandeford.

"In a like manner, my beloved Ellen Hat—, an eternal farewell until we meet in another world. Likewise my father, mother, brother, greeting. From their obedient son, Frantz Host.

"Thes Jorgensen, of the house of Frith— I hope to see in another world. Farewell, Thes; comfort thyself better in this world than I have done. Farewell, Thes—Eby Robert.

"Dear Frederick Host—Fare thee well, and think on God while you are living.—Your cousin—Rasch.

"We have just commended ourselves into God's hands. I hope he will forgive our manifold sins." The Albion left Portsmouth for Christiana on the 4th of November last, and has not since been heard of.

COLLECTION OF DEBTS AT THE SOUTH.—The following extract of a letter received by Matthews & Co., banking and collections house, from one of their correspondents, an eminent law firm in Georgia, has been handed to us for publication:

"Our Legislature have recently passed a very unnecessary and uncalled-for law, staying the collection of debts until the 1st day of December, 1861. No *fi. fa.* can now be levied upon any property in Georgia, nor could property in the hands of the levying officer at the time said act was passed be sold, except in the happening of certain contingencies, which effectually takes Othello's occupation from him, so far as our sheriffs are concerned. Suits, however, may be brought in the State Courts, and claims pressed to judgment as before. Collections in the United States Court are about closed, as I think Georgia will be out of the Federal Union before the 4th of March next.

"We would say to our Northern friends—and we class Messrs. — among that honored number—that they need have no fears of the honesty of our people if we go out of the present Union. They will then keep their promises even more religiously than before, and no business man will be disposed to repudiate any debt now existing, or that may be hereafter contracted. They would not be allowed to do so by our laws, if any should be so rascally as to attempt it. Yours, &c."

There is some talk, according to the Russian journals, of a horse traction railway in Persia, from Teheran to Tauris, to facilitate the means of transport for passengers and merchandise towards the Black Sea, with extension to Trebizond, or by Erivan and Tiflis to Foli.

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company. "They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tunes." "In other words, madam," said another lady, "you believe that all men are liars." "Eighty millions of liars in the bank?" said Mrs. Partington, as she read the amount of lire that Garibaldi had found at Naples; "they are worse than they are in the banks this way, then, and a good many more of 'em."

"Can you draw, young man?" inquired Quilp of an applicant for a private tutorship. "Certainly," replied the candidate; "at ten years of age I could draw cider; at twelve, a picture; at fifteen, a handcart loaded with cabbages; at sixteen, an inference; at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor, I believe I could draw the largest kind of a house; but, being a teacher, I am content to draw a salary, and the bigger the better." "You'll do," said Quilp. "Consider yourself engaged."

A TWELVE-DOZEN WOMAN.—"Oh, ma," said Miss McStinger, rushing into her ma, "ma, what a very twelve-dozen creature our washerwoman is!" "Indeed, is she? And what's that, my dear?" quoth the admiring mama. "Why, don't you know that twelve dozen is a gross?" replied the erudite miss, "and gross is very coarse?" "Yes, of course. What a lovely thing education is, my child."

HIS RIGHT NAME.—A stranger had occasion to call on a fisherman, in one of the Brechin fishing villages, of the name of Alexander White. Meeting a girl, he asked, "Could you tell me far'r Sanny Fite lives?" "Filk Sanny Fite?" "Muckle Sanny Fite?" "Filk Muckle Sanny Fite?" "Muckle lang Sanny Fite?" "Filk muckle lang Sanny Fite?" "Muckle langleyed Sanny Fite," shouted the stranger. "Oh! it's Goup-the-Lift ye're seeking," cried the girl, "and fat for dinna ye speer for the man by his richt name at ance?"

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Miscellaneous.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotypes and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manner born."

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